



# IMPROVEMENT ERA



VOL. 32

APRIL, 1929

No. 6

## The Veil—Human Abuses

PROF. N. L. NELSON

## Home Beautification

PROF. L. S. MORRIS

## Science Leads to God

DR. MICHAEL PUPIN

THE HILL CUMORAH

HENRY SMITH

DAVE RUST, LOVER OF GRAND CANYON


PROF. H. R. MERRILL

IN OLD CAMP FLOYD




PROF. P. V. CARDON

STORY—GENTILE GIBBS' BOY

ELSIE C. CARROLL



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# IMPROVEMENT ERA

APRIL, 1929

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918.

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyed.

Published monthly at Salt Lake City; \$2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.



# EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

*The Veil—Its Human Abuses*, the second article on the subject by Prof. N. L. Nelson, is one which will stimulate thought. The danger of attempting to peek through the veil is clearly set forth and in a manner which makes interesting reading.

A large number of writers responded to the *Era's* invitation and submitted short stories in competition for the prizes which were recently offered. So numerous and of such excellent quality were the contributions that the judges' task was no easy one. A majority of those to whom the stories were submitted agreed that "Gentile Gibbs' Boy," written by Mrs. Elsie Chamberlain Carroll, of Provo, should be given first place. The prize story will be found in this number of the *Era*. The second prize was awarded to Frank C. Steele, Lethbridge, Canada, for the story entitled "The soul of John Dillon." This will appear in the May number. Several other stories of those submitted in this contest will be retained and will appear during the current volume. The *Era* congratulates the contestants on the quality of their productions.

*Home Beautification*, by L. S. Morris, horticulturist at the B. Y. U., is a timely article which deserves to be widely read. To have attractive homes is almost an essential part of our religion, and *Era* readers will be inspired to make an improvement in that direction after reading this article.

Read Dr. Pupin's story, taken from the *Reader's Digest*. To those whose faith in the Creator is beginning to waver because of seeming contradictions between science and religion, this positive statement should act as a safe anchor.

Dr. Franklin S. Harris is another scientist who believes in the Almighty

and is not afraid to say so. Attention is called to his article on Germs, a continuation of the series "Lessons from Common Things."

*In Old Camp Floyd* is an interesting account and tribute from the pen of Prof. P. V. Cardon, of the Agricultural College.

*Cumorah*, by Henry Smith, gives an account of what is being done to beautify the historic hill, the ownership of which was recently acquired by the Church.

Can you answer these:

Who wrote *The Fringe of the Moslem World*? Page 523.

What did Dr. G. Stanley Hall think of spiritual seances? Page 448.

What are some of the results of a violated veil? Page 455.

What is a ouija-board? Page 454.

What do you know about the "Israel of the Alps?" Page 475.

Under whose direction was the Gospel taken to the Piedmont region of Italy? Page 474.

Who is Michael Pupin, and what is his attitude toward religion? Page 457.

What useful part do germs play in the life of plants and of human beings? Page 466.

In what way are they detrimental? Page 467.

What are the food industries doing to checkmate the tobacco advertising? Page 479.

What is the Church doing to beautify the Hill Cumorah? Page 468.

The librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., writes the *Era* that the library is short the September, 1927, number. As this cannot be supplied from our files, we shall be glad to hear from anyone who has this number and can furnish the library with it.



VOL. XXXII

APRIL, 1929

No. 6

# The Veil: Its Uses and Abuses

BY PROFESSOR N. L. NELSON

## II. ITS HUMAN ABUSES

IN a previous article, it was maintained that the power to look behind the Veil is innate in every child of God sent to this lower world to finish his divine education; but that it is an occulted or static faculty, and one evidently intended by our Father in heaven to remain dormant during earth life, save as he himself quickens it, in prophet or seer, to put over the mortal horizon some message for the good of mankind. At the same time, so it was also pointed out, he does not leave us without guide in the darkness of mortality; some light, some echo, some infinite refrain, of the life that was and the life that is to be, gets across or through the Veil to each of us.

Respecting the life that was, situations constantly arise which are apparently new, yet strangely familiar; faces, voices, ideas, seem to stir up, as it were, memories of that previous life. As Zion's poet has said:

"Yet oft-times a secret something  
Whispered, 'You're a stranger here,'  
And I felt that I had wandered  
From a more exalted sphere."

The same sort of submerged reminiscence led the poet Wordsworth to exclaim:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home."

Outside the glimpses we obtain in scripture, the Veil in the East (pre-existence) has had few interpreters, though many have done violence to it.



But as to the Veil in the West (after-life existence) into which the life sun of every man and woman is scheduled to set, the world is full of interpreters. Books by the thousands essay to reveal the mysteries that lie beyond. Shakespeare's "bourne from whence no traveler returns" has long been discredited as ancient heresy: the dead now step out of seance cabinets and mingle with the crowd.

Thus it comes about that from the crude spirit-rappings on western parlor tables, up through the night circles of psychic science delvers, to the profound searchings of yogi and mahatma in oriental schools of mysticism, the Veil is no longer the modest yet marvelous curtain which a loving Father intended should at once conceal from vulgar curiosity and reveal to loving faith and trust; but is instead a tattered and violated screen, through which are disclosed—alas, what sounds of bedlam in the spirit world! what sights to terrify and disgust! what babblings of imbecility to make the listener long for eternal oblivion! "I have been present at a few seances," said Dr. G. Stanley Hall, "and if what I heard there be fair samples of the human intelligence that survives the grave, then I pray for annihilation."

The purpose of this second paper is to justify further the divine uses of the Veil, as set forth in a previous article, by showing in contrast some of the evils resulting from abuses. These latter are to be found variously named; as in demoniac possession, in the controlled exercise of the divine gift of tongues, in spurious revelations, in the seeing of ghosts and apparitions, in the hearing of spirit-voices, (clairaudience), in looking through the Veil into the spirit-world (clairvoyance), in the evil tendency of ouija-board communications, in table-rapping circles, in spirit-seances, in spirit-writing, and in other similar devices; wherein, not improbably, this world and the next may overlap to the detriment, and often the positive danger, of credulous and unwary sojourners in the here and now.

In the previous article it was suggested that the pendulum of human interest, which for three generations has swung in the direction of purely natural phenomena, is now on the turn. It does not follow, however, that it will swing toward the spirituality of true religion; the signs rather indicate that it will attempt to explore the hidden world to its last mystic labyrinth, through the violations of the Veil as above indicated.

Appreciating this probability, Elder O. F. Whitney has set forth in an admirable series of articles, what the Lord has revealed for our guidance respecting the after-life world. The purpose of this article is to impress the same general lesson from another point of view. "To be forewarned, is to be forearmed."



And since the dangers attending these bypaths to the Beyond can be appreciated only by knowing some further details about them, I shall be pardoned if I draw upon facts accumulated by the Society for Psychic Research, as well as from the findings of other serious investigators, in further elucidation of the teachings of revelation.

*First as to the fact of Death.* It is not death at all, in the sense of cessation for a time of our mental faculties; on the contrary, it is perhaps a swift rebound into life—into a wider, deeper, truer life than was possible on earth, especially in a worn-out, decrepit body.

Full-grown, alert, clear-minded, emotional, free from bodily suffering, the released spirit may not improbably move about for a time in the very room where its late body lies, and mingle with the sorrowing occupants, quite as if it were one among them. For the fact of death dawns but slowly on one who has passed on, and comes, when it does come, partly no doubt from looking at its late but now useless tenement—perhaps even from being a listener at the funeral and a spectator at the grave,—but mainly because it has itself become impalpable to its late earth companions. Strive as it may to put over words of cheer and comfort, or tender embraces, it perceives that no impression whatever is made on its loved ones. *It is behind the Veil!*

Terror might now easily overtake it—the terror of loneliness in an infinite universe<sup>1</sup>—save from the fact that the other side of the Veil is more populous than this, and that consequently the new-comer is met by relatives and friends—perhaps by its guardian angel—who give to it its new orientation.

*Secondly, as to the continuance of the laws of growth and development.* Evidently the spirit does not lose any power essential to progress, by reason of death. It is still free to obey or disobey, to live in harmony with, or in violation of, the commandments of God. If, therefore, a spirit on this side may waste time peeping through the Veil, a spirit on the other side may equally waste time looking in this direction. Moreover, that communication has actually been established by means of spirit-mediums need not, it seems to me, admit of serious doubt. That such communication often takes place irrespective of mediums seems equally tenable. Indeed, if devils, the lowest or least advanced forms of intelligence, exercise this kind of agency among men, as witnessed by numerous instances in scripture, why should we take the attitude that God denies a similar agency to disembodied spirits?

<sup>1</sup>Such terror does in fact overtake the spirit which awakes in the new world without faith; the spirit whose inner nature is atrophied or paralyzed, as it were, by the stagnation due to indifference or infidelity during earth life. Such a spirit awakes in a world of darkness; whence may follow "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." But the spirit to whom the veil was a guide in life awakes in a world of greater light. For in that world, "they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun, for the Lord God shall give them light." (Rev. 22:5.)

In this connection, it may be pointed out that spirits do not continue the form, bearing, and dress of earth-life, but merge into the ranks and fashions of their new habitat. Infants do not continue in infant form, but stretch out again, as it were, to their pre-existent fulness of stature, albeit of a fainter texture and tenuity than those who are more mature when they pass; the old and infirm, who on this side totter as it were to the grave, rebound there into the youth and beauty of vigorous manhood and womanhood.

How, then, when it come our time to pass on, and the departed shall meet us on the other side—how shall we recognize them as the loved ones we laid away?

On the earth-plane, our rigid garment of clay makes it fairly difficult for us to change our appearance very greatly; but in the after-world, a spirit may, so it would seem, assume at will any stage of its previous earth life, with the very appearance of clothes worn at the time, including the peculiarities of personal bearing and mental traits. How this power to create by act of will any shape that fills the imagination makes for deception in seance communication and materialization will be discussed later in this paper.

*Thirdly, as to the persistence of law and order.* That the hereafter-world is an organized world, and much more perfect indeed than this one, seems to me a just inference from three considerations: first, the law of eternal progress, which acts upon all intelligences, would inevitably result in organization, and could in fact be promoted only by organization; secondly, the fact that the church of the First-born—the church triumphant—has been operating behind the Veil for thousands of years, could result in nothing less than a perfection in social order and classification of which we can scarcely conceive; and thirdly, an organized spirit-world is surely implied in the “third heaven” of paradise to which Paul refers<sup>2</sup>; for if there be a third heaven, corresponding to the Celestial glory, then there must be also a second and a first, corresponding respectively to a Terrestrial and Telesstial glory, and also a Hades, which might correspond to a no-glory or not-organized state.

It would hardly admit of doubt, then, that the released spirit moves onward—classifies itself upward or downward by virtue of its own inner affinity. Paradise is evidently that state and place to any forward-looking soul, where it finds correspondence; the point at which it can effectually catch on—its frontier of eternal progress, as it were. Hades is probably the scriptural name for a similar, but negative, correspondence to the drifting soul; the point at which the good, the beautiful, and the true, do not pursue it to its discomfort and annoyance.

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<sup>2</sup>See II Cor. 12:2.

This general scheme of the next world, as foreshadowed by scripture, is substantially the arrangement of the hereafter as found by psychic research. Spirits eager to learn and advance, or imbued as we should say with the spirit of eternal progress, soon leave the earth-plane and move outward to that spiritual sphere where they can be most happy; which to us can signify only the zone of new growth, new truth-perception, new achievement, whence alone comes real felicity; for "Man is," says the Lord, "that he may have joy," and no better formulation of the law of eternal progress than this could possibly be made.

But what of the derelicts, the drifters, the wrecks, moral and physical, of whom scripture says, "He which is filthy let him be filthy still." These are earthbound spirits—stranded souls by the millions—who, until repentance shall turn them again toward spiritual growth, wander over the earth-plane and linger about the places that claimed their earthly love; the miser near his hoard, the worshiper of mammon in the whirl-pools of trade gambling, the immoral man in houses of ill fame, the drunkard in the saloon, and so on: all trying to feel by ghostly propinquity a little of the illicit thrill of sensuality that earth-life once afforded them. Clairvoyants, i. e., spirit mediums who can see on the spiritual plane, declare that haunts of vice and crime are literally packed by these spirit-hulks, and that the impure atmosphere of such places is due even more to their low, unsatisfied desires, than it is to the influence of the mortal habits.

If then we would know in a word the true essence of spiritualism, as it is now on tap in ten thousand seance-circles throughout the world, we have it here suggested in the nature of the spirit-correspondents on the other side: souls that gave themselves over to mere sensation while on earth, and having formed no "hunger and thirst after righteousness" or things of eternal progress, are consequently obtuse to the spiritual promptings which call their fellow-spirits to higher spheres of achievement. Such souls are in hell—for what better characterization is there of hell than wanting to and can't? Out of hell they are reaching earthward, eager to feel again the low sensations to which they gave their lives. Spirit-seances furnish the opportunity. They are consequently ever on hand to squeeze unto the bodies, and control the mental powers of mediums.

Such is the explanation, by psychic research scientists, of the low moral tone and intellectual drive characterizing the utterances of ninety-nine out of every hundred half-way clearing-houses between this world and the next.<sup>3</sup> This explains no less clearly the

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<sup>3</sup>This estimate still admits of one per cent for spirit-visits and spirit-communications actuated by motives of love and service. In this class belong the many instances wherein



gradual coarsening and moral degeneracy characteristic of most spirit-mediums themselves.

For, next to low sensual desires, mendacity is the quality oftenest detected in these spirit communications. No matter what departed person may be called for—child or grandsire, relative, friend, or foe—some spirit within hailing distance is ready to assume the part; often in such detail of dress, voice, bearing, and circumstantial happenings, as to deceive completely the sitter. It would not be an extraordinary stunt at all for a thousand mediums scattered throughout the world to call up and interview the shade, say, of Napoleon at one and the same instant of time!

Nor is the intrusion of such influences into our lives the only penalty of tampering with the Veil: evil spirits of the brood of Lucifer are also next to earth-plane, not only distilling their malevolent ideals into every negative heart, but actually seeking to experience what their primal sin deprived them of forever; viz, a habitation in the second, or mortal estate.

Demoniac possession may be glossed over in psychology and medicine under a harmless name; but the awful reality of it is too well attested, not only in scripture, but in latter-day experience, to doubt its possibility, as another of the terrors of a violated Veil. Sporadic instances of what one may well suspect to be cases of such possession are no doubt known to most serious-minded readers of this magazine; but the history of mankind, since the days when Jesus cast out devils, is not wanting in accounts of wide-spread attacks of similar, if not the same, dire evils; and numerous modern instances are to be found in connection with the frenzy often characterizing religious camp-meetings.

"At no time," writes McMaster<sup>4</sup> of the 1799-1800 revival in Kentucky, "was the 'falling exercise' so prevalent as at night. Nothing was then wanting that could strike terror into minds weak, timid and harassed. The red glare of campfire reflected from hundreds of tents and wagons, the dense blackness of the flickering shadows, the darkness of the surrounding forest, made still more terrible by the screams and groans of the spiritually wounded, who had fled to it for comfort; the entreaty of the preachers; the sobs and shrieks of the downcast \* \* \* were too much for those

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departed loved ones return to the earth-plane to extend comfort or warning; also the visits of ancestors whose eternal progress is halted until work in the temple is done for them. In this same group must, it seems to me, be placed the motives of the beautiful spirit who for three years collaborated with Sir William Crookes in psychic experiments designed to rekindle faith in life beyond the grave; so also of the enlightening contributions of such disinterested investigators as Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir Oliver Lodge. But while on the whole we may believe that their findings in the spirit world have helped to overcome the blight of skepticism, we must still deplore their methods of getting these findings across the Veil.

<sup>4</sup>History of the People of the United States, II, p. 588.

over whose minds and bodies lively imagination held sway. The heart swelled, the nerves gave way, the hands and feet grew cold, and motionless and speechless they fell headlong to the ground. \* \*

"Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak; some talked but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a fish out of water. Many rushed wildly over the stumps and benches and plunged, shouting 'Lost! lost!' into the forest.

"As the meetings grew more and more frequent, this nervous excitement assumed new and more terrible forms. One was known as 'jerks'; another as the barking exercise; a third as the Holy Laugh. The 'jerks' began in the head and spread rapidly to the feet. The head would be thrown from side to side so swiftly that the features would be blotted out, and the hair made to snap. When the body was affected the sufferer was hurled over hindrances that came in his way, and finally dashed on the ground, to bounce about like a ball. At camp meetings in the far south, saplings were cut off breast-high and left 'for the people to jerk by.' One who visited such a camp-ground declares that about the roots of from fifty to one hundred saplings, the earth was kicked up 'as by a horse stamping flies'. \* \* \*

"From the nerves and muscles the disorder passed to the mind. Men dreamed dreams, and saw visions; nay, fancied themselves dogs, went on all fours, and barked until they grew hoarse. It was no uncommon sight to behold numbers of them gathered about a tree barking, yelping, 'treering the devil'."

Coming next to some of the specific ways in which human curiosity seeks to tamper with the Veil, we may consider briefly the occasional itching among Latter-day Saints for new revelation. Not a year passes that some would-be prophet does not turn up among us with a divine commission, superseding, or profoundly modifying, some thing or other in the Church. Most of them base their claims on the "coming of One mighty and strong," as predicted in the Doctrine and Covenants, which great prophet they declare themselves to be.

Three of these unfortunates have been known personally to

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<sup>1</sup>Professor Ross (Social Psychology, pp. 50-54), after quoting the above passage and much more to the same effect, yields to Professor Coe's explanation of it, as beginning with "sporadic cases of hallucination, auto-automatism and self-hypnotism," induced by the usual methods of revivalism, and then spreading to the multitude by the law of emotional imitation. This explanation seems shallow—a mere glossing over of profound mysteries by giving them new names. It can really satisfy only those who believe in a closed world, the beginning and end of which are birth and death. To one who sees life on each side of life as an eternal stream, with "fallen angels" eager to break through from pre-existence, and on the other hand human derelicts reaching backward out of hell to mingle again, if possible, in human affairs, such phenomena have a deeper significance than any findings in a laboratory pre-committed, by rigid exclusion, to "natural" explanation of every possible phase of existence.

the writer: men of more than average intelligence, and of clean moral habits. One had visions in which impersonations of the Father and Son appeared to him repeatedly, and called upon him to denounce the president of the Church as a fallen prophet.

Another, as he was plowing, heard the voice of an "angel" who was walking by his side; a voice that followed him for years, led him into many a *cul-de-sac*, landed him in the insane asylum for a brief season, and gave him eventually enough revelations to fill a volume.

A third was betrayed through his excessive spirituality, which caused him to withdraw from things earthly in the direction of spiritual self-sacrifice. Incredible as it may seem—and showing how men fall by insensible degrees—his advisers behind the Veil finally led him and his followers, after some years of admirable self-abnegation, into the supreme test-sacrifice of exchanging wives and still remaining continent—unless the Lord revealed otherwise to each pair individually!

Here we have pitiable results of a violated Veil; of good men betrayed by false spirits which assumed to be heavenly guides. Indeed, whoever seeks spiritual guidance by open vision or articulated message, instead of trusting the light which proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space, and which ever shines translucent from the other side to those who have faith and patience, may indeed succeed in brushing the Veil aside,—since the Veil is a something within each person's consciousness—but how can he know who his spirit correspondent may be? Attempting thus to live by sight rather than by faith, involves a danger from which one should rather pray to be divinely protected.

For the mile-posts in our spiritual journey we have truth—that is to say, the articulated messages of scripture—to guide us; for the uncharted spaces between, truthness is, it seems to me, a better guide than truth; for out of the feeling of "rightness" which fills our consciousness, must then issue, by definite act of will, our self-chosen conduct; whereas, if some other being told us at each step what to do, our blind response would add but little to our growth and development. Man's part in this scheme of salvation is to become like a little child, in other words, to trust; always we walk best when we walk by faith rather than by sight. Brushing the Veil aside is an attempt to reverse this divine law.

Of all the means for delving into the occult, the most harmless seems, at first glance, to be the ouija-board, a mechanical device on wheels and fitted with a pencil to record messages. And messages it certainly delivers: from the subconscious mind of the person whose hand rests upon it, say the psychologists; from beings in the spirit



world, say other interpreters of the facts. Whatever be the merits of the controversy, this so-called psychological toy has, within the last few years, since the craze for it has been on, materially helped to fill insane asylums, more than one-third of whose occupants are there by reason of a violated Veil in one form or other. Here is one case vouched for by a noted authority in psychic affairs.

An aged couple, devout Methodists, lost their only child. Month after month they remained inconsolable, till one day an acquaintance suggested that their son was eager to communicate with them through the ouija-board. At first their instincts and religious attitude warned them against it, but their sense of bereavement finally prevailed.

It did not take long to convince them that James was really directing the pencil from the other side. So they purchased an ouija-board and would sit for hours communing with their dear, departed boy. Presently it dawned upon them that no sooner did they ask a question than they knew what his answer would be without waiting for the pencil. The Veil was growing thinner. Next they heard their son's voice almost as in life.

Now came the tragedy. Their son's spirit—for we need not doubt it was he—could not always remain with them; and when he left, the gap in the Veil remained. Night and day they heard voices—the coarse, bestial, ribald voices and laughter of the human derelicts that are stranded on the earth-plane. Their souls were literally trampled upon like a public street, so that sleep and even rest fled from their home. Finally they called in a nerve specialist, to whom they told their story. The next move in their pitiable downfall was their landing in an insane asylum, which proved, however, no asylum to them. Nothing but death would enable them to escape the hell they had brought into their lives.

Latter-day Saints are perhaps least of all given to attendance at spirit seances; it is well, nevertheless, that the true inwardness of this aspect of the violated Veil be understood. Consider, then, what really befalls a man when, either from this side of the Veil or the other, he is hypnotized. A great thinker and writer of an oriental psychic school has well called this act the great psychological crime; and crime it must be, since it violates what the Author of man's being has made free—his divine agency.

Think of a man's individuality or will being violently subdued; that part in him which measures his likeness to God, his ego or "I am," which the law of eternal progress has slowly been building up toward the ultimate freedom of God himself. Think of this divine power in him being so overcome that all his faculties, mental or physical, are subject to another's will!

As above suggested, when the violation takes place on this side, it is called hypnosis; when from the other side, it is known as mediumship. In hypnosis the control exists on the mortal-plane; in mediumship, on the spirit-plane. In both cases the blight on man's personality is the same: his spirit becomes merely a public road or gateway for the trampling of alien feet.

Because spirit-mediumship is thus seen to be a prostitution of man's ego, or the central possibility of Godhood in him, our Father in heaven never chooses this channel to get a message over to mankind. Suspicion may therefore well attach to the method, even if we suppose the beings behind the Veil are honest, and of a high order of intelligence, which from facts already set forth is very rarely the case. Besides, the difficulties of so manipulating a medium's powers as to get a message across without flaws, are enormous—every spiritistic authority emphasizes that fact. Finally, suppose spirits of a high order, like T. De Witt Talmage and Henry Ward Beecher, should succeed in transmitting their present ideas concerning the great objects of faith, such as God, salvation, eternal progress, and so on; why should we defer to them as being infallible? Are they not still among those who are ever learning, but never quite coming to a knowledge of the truth? One ray of knowledge from our Father in heaven would be more faith-illuminating than all the scintillations of earth—and spirit—realms put together.

Latter-day Saints have therefore everything to lose and nothing to gain by giving attention to spirit-seances or promoting their teachings in any way. Nay, let us rather dedicate our homes, and pray for special protection against all influences that come to man through a violated Veil!

We thus reach the same conclusion from studying the abuses of the Veil, that we reached through studying its divine uses. Earth-plane is peculiarly the sphere for acquiring earth-experiences. The lowliest duties in the here and now yield none the less of divine fruitage because of their lowliness; but in order that our experiences shall develop us heavenward; in order that earth-life shall not be out of unity with life which went before and which comes after, we need divine illumination; not of the flaring kind which appeals chiefly to sight and disturbs all our perspectives, but rather of the quiet, translucent kind which, in order to see, calls for faith and hope, and which, when seen, yields peace, joy and love. Our Father's way is evidently, therefore, the best way.

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Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.—*Emerson*.

# Science Leads Us Closer to God

*Michael Pupin as told to Albert Edward Wiggam*

Reprinted, by permission, from the *Reader's Digest* of December, 1928, being a condensation from the September, 1927, *American Magazine*

SCIENCE is making us better Christians. Science is teaching men how to cooperate more intelligently with God; it is teaching men what God's laws are, and how to obey them.

Science is increasing our belief that the human soul is the greatest thing in the universe, the supreme purpose of the Creator.

These are a few of the impressions which I carried away from a talk with Michael Pupin on what science means to a man's spiritual life.

Michael Pupin came to America 54 years ago as an ignorant peasant boy of 15. Recently he was elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the highest scientific honors in the world. What he says, therefore, is the outcome not only of profound scientific knowledge, but also of an intimate knowledge of life—its hardships, struggles, disappointments, and successes.

"When I was a boy in Serbia," said Dr. Pupin, "I used to spend part of my time, with other boys, herding the grazing oxen that belonged to our fathers. At night I was enchanted by the stars, blazing in the firmament. I imagined that the light of these stars was a message from God telling us the hour of the night and the direction of the approaching dawn.

"When the vesper bell would ring, my mother, a pious woman, would say, 'Michael, do you hear the divine message which calls you to the altar of God?' Thus gradually I began to imagine that the sound of the church bell also was a message from God.

"It is not surprising that in my boyhood days I often asked myself two questions: What is sound? and, What is light? A search for an answer to these two questions has undoubtedly directed my scientific career.

"Sound, I found as a scientist, is due to the vibration of material bodies. But the physical vibrations are only a small link in the connection of the external physical world with the internal world of a man's mind. There, within the man's mind, the soul interprets the *language* of sound. And the more I think of this, as a scientific man, the more I do recognize that my boyhood fancy was right—sound is a message to our souls.



"Today, when I hear Kreisler playing, or any other great musician, I feel that he is making the vibrating strings speak a language which is a true message from heaven.

"Light, I found, is a series of tiny electronic pulses sent throughout space from the sun and stars. And just as sound sets going the nerves of the ear to carry messages from the external world to the internal world of the human soul, so these electronic pulses set going the nerves of the eye which carry their messages to the brain. There, the soul deciphers and interprets their meaning. All these vibrations receive their true meaning only when the soul deciphers their message. And the more I think of it as a scientist, the more do I feel that those gleams of light from the quiet stars, which fell upon my eyes as I tended the oxen, were really messages to the soul, declaring, the glory of God.

"Now, since science finds that the physical universe, with all its electrons in motion, receives its true interpretation only as its messages reach the soul which alone can decipher these messages, does it not lead logically to the belief that the soul of man is the greatest thing in the universe? Indeed, does it not lead to the belief that the human soul is the highest purpose in God's creative energy?

"Sometimes we sneer at our puny earth, saying 'It is such a tiny speck of dust in the universe that it cannot amount to much. A star like Betelguese—that's a big thing.' But is bigness the true standard of measure? True, Betelguese is enormous, nearly three hundred million miles in diameter. Our whole solar system could swing around inside it. But what is Betelguese? Nothing but a big gas bag—that's all. With all its size, it has no soul. It cannot hear the call which I heard as an ignorant boy, to worship at the altar of Almighty God.

"These big stars are only the beginning of God's creative energy. The human soul, in so far as science can penetrate, is the last chapter of cosmic history as far as it has been written. It is in the soul that Divinity resides. And when we think of that, we are not so small. Science has found nothing in the universe which even compares in importance with the life of man.

"Wherever science has explored the universe, it has found it to be a manifestation of a coordinating principle. It leaves us no escape from the conclusion that back of everything there is a definite guiding principle. We are faced with two alternatives: either the law and order of the universe is the result of haphazard happenings; or it is the result of a definite intelligence. Now, which are you, as an intelligent being, going to choose?

"Personally, I believe in the Divine Intelligence, because it is simpler and more intelligible. It harmonizes with my whole expe-

rience. When you see the stars, each moving along its own prescribed path with a precision impossible to attain in any mechanism constructed by man, when you see a seed grow after a definite plan into a tree, or a baby develop into a self-directing human individuality, can you believe that it is the result of haphazard happenings? Such a belief is beyond my understanding.

"Moreover, is it reasonable to suppose that the soul, which is the most important thing that creation has achieved, will perish when the physical body dies? Is the soul going to have existed in vain? It does not seem possible to me. Science does not offer mathematical proof of the immortality of the soul, but it gives us plenty of grounds for intelligent hope. And it adds to our conviction that physical life is only a stage in the development of the soul. My personal belief is that everything that happens in this great universe is for a purpose; and that purpose is the development of the human soul. That is where science and religion touch. Science adds immeasurably to the foundations of religious faith. Science will strengthen religion—as it has strengthened mine.

"My religion as a scientist does not contradict a single element of the religion which my mother and the people of my native village held when I was a boy. Science has simply brought me to a higher, broader view of the Creator.

"That is the real pleasure of scientific work. The purpose of science is not merely to make material things, inventions to increase wealth and comfort. These things are certainly a blessing, but not the greatest blessing. If science does not assist me to give myself and others a better religion, a better understanding of the Creator, and a closer personal touch with Him; if science does not assist me in carrying out the Divine purpose, then I am a failure as a scientist. But science has made me a better Christian; I believe it will make better Christians of all men and women who try to understand its simple and beautiful laws, because they are the laws of God."

[Dr. Pupin, here quoted, is the author of the book *From Immigrant to Inventor*, one of the books on the M. I. A. reading course.—Editors.]

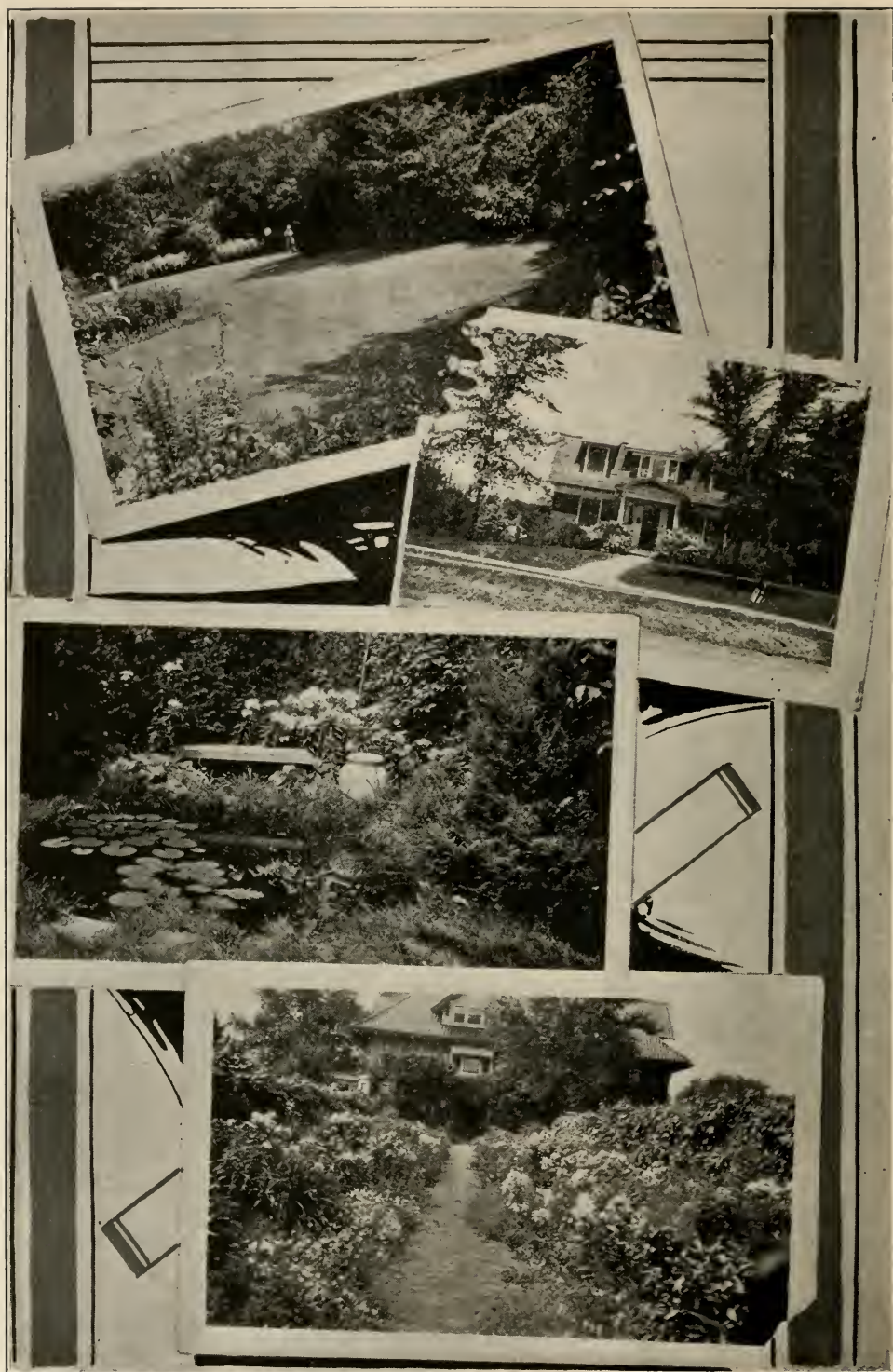
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It is a great, stalwart soul that qualifies a man to think great, stalwart thoughts; and if you have not such a soul, come as close as you can to a man who has, and you will become richer without his being made poorer.—*Charles H. Parkhurst.*

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The people of the United States very deliberately framed their government with the view of remaining the masters of it, and not of being mastered by it; and they are not yet willing to abdicate in favor of any, even the most audacious conspirator, against their sovereignty.—*John Bigelow, in the New York Tribune.*





SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME BEAUTIFICATION



# Home Beautification

BY L. S. MORRIS, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HORTICULTURE,  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

THERE are many ways in which the home can be made more beautiful. One of the best ways to beautify home life is to plant flowers in the hearts of our children. Another good way is to cultivate blossoms in our own souls. We are told that when the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that home and sing for joy.

However, my subject is confined to landscaping or beautifying the home grounds.

We should beautify our homes for two reasons:

First, because the home is the most important institution in the world. It is the place where we are born, in which we spend our lives and in which we are likely to die. It is the institution where we learn to talk and walk. There we first come in contact with religion. If children are not taught religion in the home they will stand a poor chance of learning it in the church later. The home teaches children honesty or dishonesty as the case may be. We become ladies and gentlemen because the home taught us how to act; or we become tramps because the home failed to teach us properly. We are what we are largely because of our home training. School training, college training, church training are all important but rather negligible in comparison to home training.

If the home is this important, then we should give thought to its improvement. One of the most effective ways is to create more beauty. And that leads to the second reason for beautification.

Namely: That beautiful things fill the soul with harmony, and make for more abundant living. There is something about the beautiful that entrances man, that makes him unconsciously happier. A bouquet of flowers placed on the table at meal times adds tastiness to the food. A shrub growing by the side of the house breathes delight to all who look at it. A golden sunset is like mellow magic to the soul trained to appreciate beauty.

The Creator was kind when he endowed us with emotions that we might enjoy beautiful things. The sense of the beautiful is something possessed only by man. It does not seem to be essential in the lives of animals below man. I have tried in vain to find a dog that will pay any attention to flowers. I have never seen a horse miss a single mouthful of grass to gaze toward the flaming west

when the sun is going to bed. I have held brilliant sunflowers before a cow and she has disgustingly switched her tail. But to man, beauty is an essential. It is a spiritual necessity. If a man does not enjoy that which is beautiful, it means one corner of his soul is still sleeping; he is only partly living; he has undeveloped resources within. As Babson says, "The greatest undeveloped resource in America is the human soul." However, he was not referring specifically to the sense of the beautiful.

We are realizing more every day that beauty plays a big part in our lives. Self-respect demands beauty and neatness. Psychology is beginning to teach us the importance of beautiful surroundings with respect to civic life. P. T. Farwell, Chairman of the Massachusetts Civic League, says, "Beautification is a direct agent for the prevention of ignorance, disease and crime, and for the promotion of health, usefulness, happiness, and good morals. It is now a well recognized principle in the business world that attractive surroundings are a decided advantage for a business plant and that the influence on employees of pleasant grounds, adorned with flowers and shrubs, tends to increase their pleasure in and loyalty to their work. We are beginning to realize that the ugliness of the conditions under which men live exerts no slight influence in fostering discontent and even crime."

While traveling in the East last summer I was surprised to see the large number of business houses and manufacturing establishments which had been beautified by shrubs, vines and trees. But why not, when beautiful surroundings make for more efficiency on the part of employees?

Landscape gardening is really a young art here in the West. We are just beginning to catch the spirit.

Let us look about for a moment and see art from another standpoint. We, too, often think of pictures as being paintings on canvas hanging on the walls. Those are the creation of man. God's great masterpieces are outdoors. They are the original. They are the landscapes of nature done in living colors—flowers, meadows, trees, mountains, streams. Their shades and tints change with the time of the day and the advance of the seasons.

I do not wish to say anything disparaging about pictures that hang on the walls. They are essential. They lead to an appreciation of other types of beauty. They assist one in appreciating nature.

The West is a natural art museum: Valley flecked with jewels, lakes and streams decorated with flowers and trees! There is poetry in the atmosphere for anyone who enjoys it. Professor Lowry

Nelson took this bouquet of words from the ripples of Bear Lake, while camped with a group of Boy Scouts:

Wind and sun-kist,  
Bright-lipped thing,  
Veiled in moon mist,  
Wavering;

Child of Cloudlet,  
In the sky,  
Sire of Cloudlet,  
Passing by;

Liquid music,  
Wafting free,  
Charged with lyric  
Mystery;

Draped in wavelet,  
Ripple trimmed;  
Moon and star set,  
Pebble rimmed;

Myriad bird wings;  
Weaving hands,  
Fleck your shim'ring;  
Spin your sands.

Can you not hear music of the lake coming from those lines?

And the mountains, every one of them is a monument of transcendent grandeur. The best way to appreciate mountains is to move where you cannot see them—then you want to get back again. But that is only human nature; a child born and reared in an art museum will not appreciate the paintings. He will think them commonplace. He will think that ordinary things of other places are marvels—because they are out of his reach. That is the reason we associate distant lands with magic and beauty and charm.

Not long ago an artist, from the East, stood on the shore of Utah Lake just at sunset. The valley was shaded by the western mountains. Mount Timpanogos, on the east, was a reddish-pink in the lingering sunbeams. It was a masterpiece. Alice's Wonderland was insipid in comparison to the mountain at that particular moment. The mist and the sunbeams were just right to turn the setting into magic. After breathing deeply for a short time, he remarked that it was one of the most wonderful pictures he had ever seen.

But what has this to do with home beautification? It is the setting for beautiful homes. The setting is the first verse in the poem of beautification. With a beautiful setting furnished by nature it would be discord not to have beautiful homes. If every home



in a city is enhanced with grass, flowers, shrubs, and trees, that city becomes a garden city. A few unsightly homes spoil the effect of the whole thing.

The following are a few brief suggestions that might help in the landscaping of the average home:

Remember that landscape architecture is a fine art. It is like painting a picture on a large canvas; the paints are the colors in flowers and shrubs. A landscape artist must understand composition, color blending, texture of plant materials and numerous other things, so a person should not rush into a piece of landscaping without knowing what he is doing. For an extensive piece of work a landscape architect should be consulted. For the establishing of a small lawn and the placing of a few shrubs, careful observation of well designed places will help the layman.

My first suggestion is concerned with lawns. Most homes are well equipped with lawns in the front yard, but they are not sufficient in most cases. Our children need some place to amuse themselves besides in the road. I picked up a formula the other day on how to preserve children:

"Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles. Sprinkle the field with flowers. Spread over all a deep, blue sky, and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set away to cool in a bathtub."

A lawn in the rear or at the side of the house screened in with groups of shrubs and medium-sized trees is not only a good place in which to preserve children, but an excellent place for seclusion when one wishes to read or relax in the shade. It is better to retire to the service lawn rather than sit on the front porch. The service lawn, if well designed, is also a splendid setting for an outdoor dinner or lawn party.

The next point I wish to mention is trees: Do you remember Joyce Kilmer's words?

"Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."

Every leaf is a letter that helps to spell beauty. Every branch is a sentence that helps to describe a beautiful landscape. Trees should not be mutilated by unwise pruning. A tree is beautiful only when natural. One sees occasionally trees with the branches cut off close to the trunk. They remind me of a person who has lost his arms. Ornamental trees require very little or no pruning. Let them grow and be natural. Large trees can be used to good

advantage by placing them at the rear of the house for a background. They should be placed beyond the service lawn. If the home lot is very small, large trees should not be used. Medium-sized trees can be used to good advantage at one side of the house. Never plant a tree directly in front of the house, unless it is a street tree.

Another important consideration in beautifying the home is the use of shrubs. We need shrubs more than anything else. They are permanent; you need not replace them every year. They are beautiful as well. The proper places to plant shrubs are around the service lawn, next to the foundations of the houses and in the corners of large lots. Notice a house with shrubs planted about the foundation and another house barren of shrubs. The contrast tells the story.

Of course flowers are important. A few moments spent in the garden during the day often divests us of unpleasant thoughts and gives us more happiness. Flowers may be used in connection with the shrubs or placed separately in a specialized plot.

In conclusion, I wish to quote from ex-president Calvin Coolidge: "National Garden week seems now to be well on the way to establishment as a fixed national affair and I hope this year's observance of it will strengthen its position in the public interest and activities."

Garden week merely suggests that the garden should be kept beautiful during all the growing season, for sweetness and inspiration are always given forth from well kept plants.

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### FORBEARANCE

I'll not reproach the erring one  
With unkind act or word,  
For his misconduct known to me,  
Nor gossip I have heard.

I will not cast the cruel shaft,  
Nor fling the fiery dart  
Into his troubled, saddened soul,  
Into his bleeding heart.

I know not of the pangs he feels,  
Of how his soul relents,  
Of how he strives to overcome,  
How truly he repents.

But this I know 'tis not for me  
To wield the chastening rod;  
The purifying of his soul  
I'll leave to him and God.

# Lessons from Common Things

BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM  
YOUNG UNIVERSITY

## 4. GERMS

**M**OST of us are inclined to think of germs as deadly foes, to be strictly avoided. In offering advice about health to each other, it is usually expressed in terms concerning the avoidance of germs. These little microbes have gained a very disreputable place in the thoughts of man because of the plagues and other malignant disease which they cause. While most diseases are caused by germs, it is unjust to look upon these minute organisms as an unmitigated evil.

If we think of germs as being present only under the unusual conditions when sickness is caused, we are in error, because they are found everywhere throughout nature. On our hands and clothing, and covered over all the food we eat, there are millions of tiny living things; I suppose that no one of us has ever taken a mouthful of food without eating many of them, for they are just about the most common things that can be imagined. They are riding on dust particles throughout the air; and every particle of soil that we come in contact with contains untold numbers. Even what we regard as pure water may contain from 500 to 1,000 of these organisms in a teaspoonful, and such food as the milk used in cities very often contains a hundred thousand in a single drop.

Of course, the bacteria causing diseases to man are not so common, else man would be sick continually. If typhoid fever germs get into the alimentary canal of a person who is susceptible to the disease, he is almost sure to have it. Likewise smallpox, diphtheria, and other diseases of this kind are transferred through organisms which come in contact with the patient. Such organisms must be carefully avoided or the diseases they cause soon make their appearance.

Not long ago I heard someone complaining about the world and wondering why bacteria are allowed to exist on the earth, especially why the wise Creator would not make a world entirely free of germs. When I first learned that germs cause disease, I decided that if it were in my power, I would certainly want to eliminate from the earth everything that might be called a germ, but now that I have investigated the problem more thoroughly I find that I was very shortsighted in wishing such a destruction. Some of the germs I would



have destroyed cause diseases in man, but most of them are either harmless or decidedly beneficial.

If all the germs in the world should be suddenly exterminated, man would not be able to live very long. For example, in the soil there is a group of two or three distinct kinds of organisms working together which fix the free nitrogen of the air and make it available for the use of higher plants, such as our ordinary crops. If it were not for these organisms cooperating in this way, it would not take very long for the earth's supply of available nitrogen to be exhausted and this would soon cause death to all the life on earth.

The great chemist, Sir William Crooks, in giving an address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, predicted that it would not be many generations before the available supply of nitrogen in the world would be exhausted, and hence plants and animals would die, unless some practicable artificial means of fixing nitrogen were discovered. At that time the functions of the nitrogen-fixing organisms were not understood. Since then, scientists have discovered something of the role of the bacteria of the soil and how they are constantly working to tear down the unavailable materials of the soil and to render them suitable for the growth of crops. In fact, it has been definitely determined that the fertility of the soil on the one hand and its sterility on the other, may be merely due to the difference in the micro-organisms of the soil. One of the main soil problems is that of producing a condition in the soil that will be favorable to the growth of desirable organisms.

This is just one example of the almost unlimited kinds of organisms which are working for the benefit of man. The good being derived from these beneficial organisms was not recognized as the work of living creatures until comparatively recent times, although the world has been profiting by it throughout all the ages. Now that we know whence comes these great blessings we marvel the more at the Planner of the universe, who had the foresight to create such harmony that every living thing, from the tiniest micro-organism to the giant tree, might work together to prepare the way for man. Without the higher plants, the germs would die, and without the germs the higher plants would die. The Creator not only gave the world the right kind of life, but he created them in proper proportion for the best results. Does this harmony not fill you with awe at the wisdom of our Father in heaven?

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Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—  
*Johnson.*

# Cumorah

BY HENRY SMITH

SUMMER tourists motoring along the highway from Palmyra to the town of Manchester, in New York state, will no doubt be mystified when they find that a formerly bald hill of the region has been turned into a beauty spot by the hands of man.

This is the Hill Cumorah, the topographical character of which has probably not changed much during the past fourteen centuries.

Since the purchase of that historic spot, where the golden plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated were hidden from the eyes of the world for more than fourteen centuries, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has entered upon an active campaign to make the hill a place of beauty and an attraction to the tourist.

During the past year 20,000 evergreen and hardwood seedlings have been planted on the hill and around its base, and more than 11,000 others have been ordered for spring planting. The setting out of more than a thousand hardwood nut and other trees is also being planned, and everything will be done to make of the place a shrine worthy of its history, interesting alike to those who believe in its sacred character and those who are drawn to it out of curiosity.

At the base of the hill, facing the highway mentioned above, is a large sign, so placed that it will not obstruct the tourist's view of the hill. This sign will give the history of the finding of the plates and of the organization of the Church. It is 12 by 50 feet in size, with the pages of the book extending three feet higher than the sign proper, as is shown in the illustration.

The pages of this book will contain passages obtained from the Book of Mormon. The following have been recommended and approved:

I Nephi, 16:29. "And there was also written upon them a new writing, which was plain to be read, which did give us understanding concerning the ways of the Lord; and it was written and changed from time to time, according to the faith and diligence which we gave unto it. And thus we see that by small means the Lord can bring about great things."

II Nephi, 10:11. "And this land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, who shall raise up unto the Gentiles."

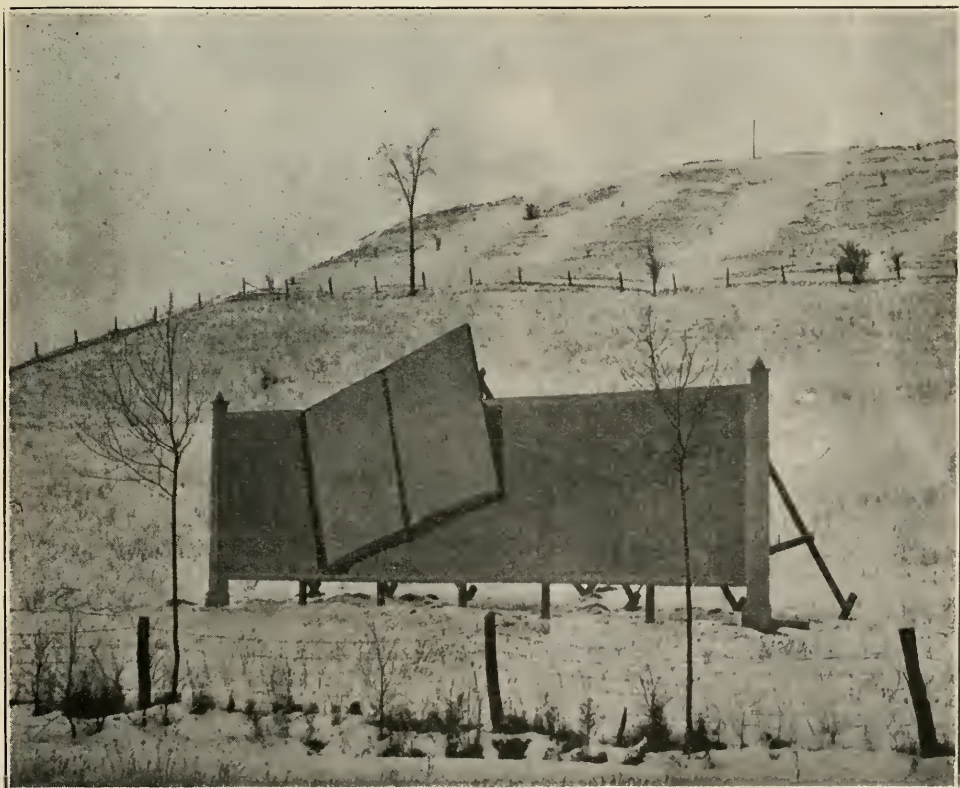
Jacob, 2:18. "But before ye seek for riches, seek ye for the kingdom of God."

Alma, 13:28. "But that ye would humble yourselves before the Lord, and call on his holy name, and watch and pray continually, that ye may not be tempted above that which ye can bear, and thus be led by the Holy Spirit, becoming humble, meek, submissive, patient, full of love and all long-suffering."

Alma, 26:37. "Now my brethren, we see that God is mindful of every people, whatsoever land they may be in; yea, he numbereth his people, and his bowels of mercy are over all the earth. Now this is my joy, and my great thanksgiving; yea, and I will give thanks unto my God forever. Amen."

Alma, 45:16. "And he said: Thus saith the Lord God—Cursed shall be the land, yea, this land, unto every nation, kindred, tongue and people, unto destruction, which do wickedly, when they are fully ripe; and as I have said so shall it be; for this is the cursing and the blessing of God upon the land, for the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance."

This hill has been the scene of some of the greatest events that have transpired in the history of man upon the earth. It may be



CALLING ATTENTION OF THE WORLD TO THE BOOK OF MORMON



appropriate here to review a few of these historical occurrences which have done so much toward the shaping of man's destinies on this continent.

Here, more than 24 centuries ago, the descendants of Jared and his brother fought their exterminating battle. It was in this neighborhood also that they rebelled against the Lord, killed his prophets and drove Ether, the last prophet among them, into exile. His life was spared to finish the record of his people, and his pathetic story is told in a most touching manner.

On this spot, about ten centuries later, Mormon, in the anguish of his heart over the sins of his people and for the last time, called upon them to repent. But the spirit of the Lord had ceased to strive with them; and before the close of that fatal day, Mormon's ten thousand stalwart soldiers, together with many other ten thousands whom he had led to battle against his foes, the Lamanites, lay dead on the battle field.

Moroni and a few of his followers were the only Nephites to escape. This prophet remained in hiding until he had completed the records which had been entrusted to his care. One can imagine how he stole forth, perhaps in the darkness of night, and deposited the plates in the hill where they were to remain protected by divine power for about 1400 years.

Passing over that period of spiritual darkness we again find Moroni, still the custodian of those sacred treasures. Acting under instruction, he visits Joseph Smith, and prepares him for his mission on this earth. Together they stand on this hill and, after four years of preparatory waiting, the angel turns the golden plates over to the youthful prophet for the purpose of translation.

Other and smaller signs are being placed on the grounds of three more historic spots in New York state.

A sign at the Joseph Smith home will read as follows: "Joseph Smith Home, owned by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Here Joseph Smith resided at the time he obtained the golden plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated."

Another small sign at the Peter Whitmer farm will contain the following: "Peter Whitmer Farm, owned by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The place where the Book of Mormon was translated from the golden plates. Here the Church was organized, April 6, 1830."

At the Sacred Grove will be found the following information placed there for the public: "Sacred Grove. This path leads to the Sacred Grove where Joseph Smith beheld the wondrous vision of the Father and the Son."

# Dave Rust, Lover of the Grand Canyon

BY HARRISON R. MERRILL



DAVE RUST

A PLACER miner stuck his shovel in the sand, straightened up slowly as if the process hurt, and looked around at the canyon walls which rose for hundreds of feet above him on both sides of the muddy river. He was slender, bronzed, and stripped naked to the waist.

"Gee," he jerked out as he gazed around, "if it wasn't for the scenery I'd never slave like this. We won't get more'n fifty cents out of this half day's work. That's poor dirt and the gold's awful fine."

His brother leaned against the "cradle" with which they had been working.

"It is poor dirt, but then we strike better often enough to keep the wages fairly steady and fairly high for these times."

"Yeh, but I've got a better idea, Will," the slender young fellow declared. "This is a wonder river and a wonder canyon." The speaker swept his arm towards the vari-colored

cliffs. "Major Powell and Captain Dutton painted this country in words that will never die. People ought to see this country, it's worth it, and by cripes, I'm going to help them see it."

That was fifteen years ago. The speaker was Dave Rust, and the river was the Colorado in what is known as Glenn's canyon.

Since that time Dave Rust, prospector, miner, cattleman, school superintendent, and later, guide, has been attempting to help people "see" not only the Colorado at Glenn's canyon, but all the way down from Green river to the Toroweap.

If Dave Rust has any gods other than Jehovah, they are Major Powell and Captain C. E. Dutton; if he has any temples, they are those of the Grand Canyon and Little Zion; if he has any cathedrals they are found in the Kaibab on Buckskin mountain; if he has any Bible dearer than the Hebrew version, it is made up of the reports of Major Powell and Captain Dutton.

I met this worshipper of the Grand Canyon about six years ago. I had gone to Kanab, his home town, upon some errand with a friend, who suggested that he would like to have me meet Dave Rust and go with him to the Toroweap, a point on the Grand Canyon where one could walk out on the rim-rock almost directly over the Colorado river a half a mile below in its flaming gorge. Rust proved to be willing to make the trip.

We meandered out across a sandy desert towards Mt. Trumbull, purple and misty on the far horizon. Our cars had difficulty with the sand, but with a little help from us they were always able to push through. At last, just before sunset, we whirled through the sage down the Toroweap valley or wash to Vulcan's Thorne and the rim-rock, where I caught my first glimpse of nature's greatest effort at sawing the world in two.

After our view of the breath-taking gorge and of the temples and minarets and towers and sweeps of savage color along the gorge up the river, we returned to the car for our evening meal. One gets hungry in the desert even in the presence of great splendor. And thirsty! We had a very limited supply of water as we were traveling light, and, consequently, become more famished than we likely would have done had the river not been locked away in a gorge a half mile deep.

When we had eaten, our guide, who had said little, produced a book.

"While it is yet light," said he, "and while you can get your eye full of this wild country, I want to read a bit from my Bible."

He handed me the volume. It was the reports of Captain C. E. Dutton, printed and distributed by the government.

"There was a man who had eyes to see and a heart to understand. Read a couple of pages, and you'll like this country even better than you do now."

I opened the book at the marker and read the descriptions of the landscape upon which I gazed whenever I raised my eyes. It was written in Dutton's own inimitable style.

The following morning I photographed Dave Rust standing looking down into the gorge which he loved.

That was my first meeting with this son of the Old West. Since then I have met him several times, and always I have come away



feeling that to know the West, especially that in northern Arizona and southern Utah, one must, if the stay is to be brief, meet this man.

"I have failed if I fail to assist you to love my country," said Mr. Rust on one occasion. "I count whatever money I may receive from any group of travelers as nothing, absolutely nothing, less than nothing, if they do not leave these breaks loving these gorges, these painted cliffs, and these dusty deserts."

Although Glenn's canyon, more than one hundred and fifty miles long, down which he floats in collapsible canvas boats, between the impassable and impassive walls, is his first love, Mr. Rust has many. In fact, during the days immediately following the war, he often spoke of his fourteen points—view points, of course. These are scattered from the crest of Pine Valley mountain to the tip of the Henry Mountains far to the east; and from the painted cliffs beyond Bryce to the Toroweap far beyond Kanab.

Dave Rust loves Bright Angel Point and Point Sublime and Cape Royal, all on the north rim of the Grand Canyon. They are among his fourteen points, but are only three among fourteen. He thinks the other eleven are quite as good, and two or three of them even better.

Every summer from the time the flowers bloom in profusion along the Colorado in April until snow is sifted into the Kaibab in the fall, this man who loves his country pilots people around from one of his beloved points to another or floats with them down the "silvery Colorado" on a two weeks' voyage among the grandest cliffs and in one of the grandest gorges nature has ever built. He took Governor George H. Dern, of Utah, on this trip through the canyon.

Dave Rust is an understanding guide. One who knows when to talk and when to keep still. He prefers to allow his country to do the talking, but will assist when it is necessary. He can bake a biscuit to a turn and can stir up a banquet in the desert, but whatever he is doing he has one thought in mind: "You must love my country. Powell loved it; Dutton loved it; I love it, and so must you."

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When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two,  
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are!

*"L'Envoi," by Rudyard Kipling.*

# In Old Camp Floyd

BY P. V. CARDON, DIRECTOR OF UTAH EXPERIMENT STATION,  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

JOHNSTON'S Army was not wanted in Utah—its very presence was irritating to the Saints, to say the least; and there were among the invaders men whose purpose was contemptible and whose behavior invited scorn. But in that army there were also other men, some of them of high purpose, who were merely doing what all soldiers are expected to do—obeying orders issued by their superiors. This fact was acknowledged by President Brigham Young and his associates during those trying times, and Church authorities always carefully distinguished between soldiers, on the one hand, and political adventurers, on the other. By thus distinguishing between men under orders and men actuated wholly by selfish motives, Utah's Territorial officers approached greatness in the realm of good statesmanship.

Among the soldiers in Johnston's Army who suffered through the winter made historic by the effective strategy of the Saints, was one whose name I revere and for whom I shall always retain a high regard. He was a Frenchman, known as Eugene Le Roy. I do not know his rank, but he was an officer. I do not know if he was a good soldier, but he must have been a man of character and refinement. I do not know what he thought of the "Mormons," whom he had come to help subdue, but I know what he did for a "Mormon" boy, and for this I honor him.

Eugene Le Roy and the "Mormon" boy first met at old Camp Floyd, where they became endeared to each other under the peculiar circumstances which I shall relate. It will be recalled that Camp Floyd was the encampment in Cedar Valley to which Johnston's Army was assigned after it came into Utah under a peace agreement.

Three years before the Army marched upon the alleged rebellious "Mormons," there had come to Zion from the Piedmont region of Italy a family of recent converts to the Gospel, which had been carried to them by missionaries laboring under the general direction of Lorenzo Snow.

For more than seven centuries previously the ancestors of these converts had battled against persecutors in the mountain valleys of Piedmont to defend the Gospel which they believed had been handed down to them (the Vaudois or Waldenses) direct from the apostles of Christ. Against all the power of the Church of Rome, those heroic defenders of the Gospel sacrificed thousands and thousands

of souls—martyrs to the faith of their fathers. No blacker chapters are to be found in the history of Europe than those which tell of Rome's efforts to exterminate the Vaudois pioneers of Protestantism.

Accepting the Gospel as it was brought to them by "Mormon" missionaries, the Piedmontese family left their "Israel of the Alps," as Muston\* refers to those picturesque but blood-drenched valleys, and made the arduous journey to Utah, arriving here with barely enough to live on. There were eight of them—the father and mother, four sons, and two daughters.

The next three years of their lives, spent for the most part in Ogden's Hole, were marked by struggles common to thousands of other Saints who came to Utah with little else than their newly-found faith and the determination which that faith inspired. But through all the struggles and hardships there was compensating satisfaction in a feeling of having done right, of having quieted their former religious misgivings. Here at last the Piedmontese found themselves free to worship, without hindrance, according to the dictates of their consciences. Surely this freedom was worth all it cost in sacrifice of former friends and relations, and in the pain and sorrow attendant on efforts to re-establish themselves in a foreign land among strange people.

Their feeling of freedom from oppression was short-lived, however; for almost before they had had a chance to settle themselves here, there broke upon Utah the Echo Canyon War. As had happened numerous times in Piedmont through many generations, an army was marching upon peaceful valleys to destroy a people who dared to live in the light of the Gospel to which they had turned for succor. But now, instead of marching from Rome, the army came from Washington, capitol city of a great, new nation which was founded upon a belief in religious tolerance and freedom of worship. What memories must have flooded the minds of those transplanted Waldenses! What disappointment must they have felt! Were they to be denied freedom—even in America?

The excitement attendant on the military maneuvers of that winter, centering along the Weber River which flows into what was then called Ogden's Hole, undoubtedly stirred to their depths the faithful souls of these immigrants. And it may easily be imagined with what relief, after dreary months, they welcomed the word that peace had been agreed upon, if not actually restored.

Merely to have an army quartered nearby could have borne no unusual menace to these Waldenses, whose ancestors had known little else for hundreds of years. So let General Johnston and his

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\*Muston, Alexis, D. D. "The Israel of the Alps: A Complete History of the Waldenses of Piedmont and Their Colonies." Blackie & Son, London, 1866.



army march into Zion! As long as there was to be no more war, what mattered the mere presence of soldiers? Besides, would not these soldiers have to be fed? Did they not spend their money freely for the goods they wanted?

As for the corrupting influence of soldiers on the morals of the Saints, this constituted a menace, indeed; but it was unavoidable. It must be faced, and every effort made to counteract it, while making the most of a potential market for what the Saints had to offer in the way of labor and produce.

It was in the hope of making sales or of obtaining employment that many straggling immigrants went to Camp Floyd, offering the products of their toil or the strength of their bodies. Among them was a lad of sixteen years, youngest of the four sons whose parents, four years before, had accepted the Gospel in northern Italy.

This boy, bright and eager to learn, could speak as yet only in his native tongue, the French of the Waldenses. It was this fact which attracted him to the attention of an officer, Eugene Le Roy, who being a Frenchman found much pleasure in the company of the ambitious lad whose conversation was a rare treat, hardly to be expected in a land so far removed from France. Here was a voice, which, though found in a desert, recalled the beauties of Alpine valleys, lying thousands of miles away!

Sincere friendship sprang up between them. The officer, eager to help the lad, used to teach him English, how to read and write it, as well as how to converse in this strange tongue. The days being all too short, these companions at night would pin blankets to the canvas of the officer's tent, which they shared, in order to prevent the light of their candles, revealing their disregard of Camp rules calling for "lights out" at nine o'clock.

Under the kind and efficient guidance of his devoted tutor, the lad gained much knowledge. His diary tells, as nothing else could, how well he learned the use of proper English, and the character of the small library which he accumulated in Camp Floyd attests the refining influence of a cultured companion. The lad by inheritance possessed a will to learn; but what he learned; and how well he learned it, there among the soldiers of an invading army, speaks eloquently for the gentlemanly qualities of his teacher.

Then there was the matter of a trade by which to earn a living—the boy must be able to make his own way! So the good officer taught him the trade of watchmaker, which in later years formed the foundation of a successful business career. In camp, by following his trade, the boy earned enough to buy books and thus satisfy his hunger for knowledge.

Meanwhile the lad enlisted in the Army—yes, this "Mormon"

boy joined the Army of Utah which had been sent to subdue his people! But this was but a natural consequence of his association with Eugene Le Roy. What youth in tender, impressionable years would not have been influenced by such companionship, and impelled by a desire to remain always with one who was so kind and helpful. Enlistment as a soldier made it easier for him to be with his idol than if the boy had remained a civilian.

During those delightful days a detachment of soldiers from Camp Floyd was ordered to Santa Clara, to protect a payroll en route from California. Incidentally, it will be remembered, Judge Cradlebaugh accompanied that detachment and while in southern Utah investigated the Mountain Meadow massacre. One of the soldiers who made that march, was the lad from Italy. Whether or not the officer, Eugene Le Roy, was with the detachment is not known to me, but I suspect he was, since the boy and the officer were almost constantly together. In any event, I have before me the boy's log of route covered by the soldiers in their march. I give it as he recorded it in a clear hand. It suggests the kind of training he had been receiving under his officer tutor.

#### ROUTE FROM CAMP FLOYD TO SANTA CLARA

<i>Marches</i>	<i>Miles</i>
1 From Camp Floyd to the Lake .....	15
2 From the Lake to the Lone House .....	6
3 From the Lone House to Goshen .....	4
4 From Goshen to the next camping place .....	6
5 To Mountain Springs .....	13
6 To Willow Creek .....	5
7 To Nephi .....	8
8 To Chicken Creek .....	18
9 To Sevier River .....	10
10 To Round Valley Springs .....	9
11 To Cedar Springs .....	16
12 To Pioneer Creek .....	5
13 To Fillmore City .....	9
14 To Meadow Creek .....	10
15 To Indian Farm .....	5
16 To Spring Creek .....	25
17 To Spring Creek .....	6
18 To Indian Creek .....	13
19 To Beaver Creek .....	8
20 To Snow Water Creek (often dry) .....	11
21 To Willow Creek .....	15
22 To Red Creek or Fort .....	2
23 To Parowan City .....	6
24 To Summit Creek .....	6
25 To Cedar City .....	12
26 To Twelve-Mile Springs .....	12
27 To Iron Springs .....	8

28	To Printer's Settlement .....	8
29	To First Stream on Mountain Meadow .....	7
30	To Mountain Meadow Spring .....	4
31	To Santa Clara River .....	13

Soon after the return from Santa Clara, there broke upon this nation a true rebellion, and the young man from the Italian Alps found himself a soldier indeed, ordered into action to defend the land of his adoption. Within a startlingly short time, his well-written and equally well-preserved diary tells us, he was a bugler at the headquarters of General McClellan's Army of the Potomac, in its campaign of the Peninsula, marching toward Richmond.

Thanks to the training the boy had received under Eugene Le Roy, there is preserved for us a first-hand, day by day, chronicle of the memorable events of 1862. No clearer record is at hand of the movements of the Army of the Potomac, of the confusion in the command of those troops, of the lack of sanitary precautions in the care of wounded, of the paucity of hospital facilities, the absence of effective, organized effort as regards convalescents, and the trials of the deserving soldiers who sought discharge.

Whether Eugene Le Roy was with his pupil in battle, or whether they ever again saw each other after they were ordered to the front, there is no record. I wish there were; I wish there were some way in which I could learn what became of the man who so richly influenced that immigrant boy from Italy, and pointed the way to a life of honor and achievement. Of all the officers in the Union Army there was none whose memory is of deeper significance to me. Because that "Mormon" boy who marched away with Johnston's Army, served honorably in the Union cause, and after several years returned to Utah, where he became a good citizen, a friend and trusted counselor to all who knew him—that boy was my father, Thomas B. Cardon.

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the country; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate.

But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined.—*Lincoln*, to the people of Sangamon, March 9, 1832.



# Food Industries Preparing Defense Against Cigarette Propaganda

**T**HE CANNER, in its issue of January 19, 1929, has this to say: A flood of letters from physicians, organizations and individuals interested in the protection of public health and public welfare has assured the organizers of the National Food Protective Committee that their campaign of defense against the "Reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet" advertising of the American Tobacco Co. is strongly supported by public sentiment. The Organization Committee, which has its headquarters at 468 Fourth Avenue, New York, is receiving hundreds of appeals, the tenor of which is, "Are the food industries going to let a cigarette manufacturer propagandize the American public into the belief that cigarette smoking is a benefit to health?"

One of the most interesting side lights on the agitation started by the National Food Products Protective group is the protest filed with the Federal Radio Commission by the United Restaurant Owners' Association, which has been almost over-whelmed with correspondence following the publication of its protest against the radio broadcast advertising of Lucky Strike cigarettes. The secretary and general manager of the American Medical Association writes to Joseph Burger, president of the Restaurant Association, as follows:

"The American Medical Association is greatly interested in the matter of undesirable advertising for which purpose radio seems to be more and more widely used. We have communicated with the Federal Radio Commission, voicing our opposition to some of the practices which are now permitted."

Dr. J. H. McCurdy, secretary of the American Physical Education Association, writes: "It appears to me that such advertising of cigarettes as has been permitted is not entirely honest. I should be glad to use my own influence to lessen such advertising. We have approximately 1,000 teachers that I have helped train in the Y. M. C. A. college at Springfield."

"I feel that you have performed an invaluable service," says a letter from Charles F. Powelson, general secretary of the National Child Welfare Association. "It seems to me it is high time that our schools should teach our children to look behind the methods of the scheming propaganda that in these days is being poured forth by radio, press, billboards and similar advertising mediums. We, in

this association, have for years been doing what we can to stem the tide of cigarette smoking on the part of minors."

Copies of more than 100 newspaper and magazine editorials denouncing the "Lucky Strike" advertising have been received at the headquarters of the National Food Protective Committee. The cartoonists have seized the opportunity to ridicule the fallacies of the "Lucky Strike" argument.

Thus far, fifteen national associations representing manufacturers and distributors of sweet foods and pastries have laid this matter before their members. Plans for co-operation in a united defense movement will be discussed by nearly a dozen boards of directors and executive committees of these associations which meet during the next month.

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### AN "IF" FOR GIRLS

"If you can dress to make yourself attractive,  
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;  
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,  
But of gentler graces lose not sight;  
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,  
Play without giving play too strong a hold;  
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,  
Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;  
If you can master French and Greek and Latin,  
And not acquire as well a priggish mien;  
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,  
Without despising calico and jean;  
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,  
And do a man's work when the need occurs;  
Can sing when asked without excuse or stammer;  
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;  
If you can make good bread as well as fudges,  
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;  
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges;  
A girl whom all will love because they must;  
If sometime you should meet and love another  
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,  
And you its soul, a loyal wife and mother—  
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind  
The plan that's been developed through the ages,  
And win the best that life can have in store;  
You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages;  
A woman whom the world will bow before."

ELIZABETH L. OTIS.

# Waterton Lakes Park, Alberta, Canada

BY H. C. SINGER

**A**MONG the seven beautiful reservations set aside by Canada in the Rocky Mountains, is none lovelier than Waterton Lakes National Park. This charming reserve lies on the eastern slope of the Rockies where they approach the international boundary line. The park forms a rough square with a long L-shaped section added to the east. Its western boundary is the crest of the Rocky Mountain divide; its northern, roughly, the Carbondale river; to its east spread the rolling foothills of the province of Alberta and its southern boundary the beautiful Glacier National Park of the United States.

About the Waterton Lakes the Indians have woven a beautiful legend. Very long ago, where the park now stands was all unbroken prairie. Among the tribes lived a young brave, named Sokumapi. On an evil day he fell into the hands of the Seven Devils, who carried him down to the underworld and made a slave of him. There he fell in love with another captive, a beautiful maiden, who suggested a way of escape. While the devils slept, the lovers stole away, taking with them three magic gifts, a stick, a stone, and a basket of water. They fled westward with the evil spirits in fast pursuit, but when nearly overtaken, Sokumapi threw down a stone. At once mountains sprang up on the prairie. Profiting by the delay, the lovers again fled and when again nearly overtaken threw down a stick, and it became a luxuriant forest. From his basket Sokumapi emptied the water which became a beautiful lake, and in the basket as a canoe the lovers escaped. On the crest of the divide, they made a happy home and the Indians of the mountains believe to this day their happy spirits haunt the shores of the lovely waters now known as Waterton Lakes, and from its shores the Seven Devils have departed.

Early in 1857, a white man by the name of Lieut. T. Blakiston, R. A., crossed the pass. He was a member of the famous Palliser expedition fitted out by her Majesty's Government to explore western Canada with a view to obtaining information as to its possibilities and discovering a route across the mountains in British territory. The party explored the main passes of the Rockies between Athabasca and the international boundary. Lieutenant Blakiston was in charge of the expedition which was ordered to explore the passes to the south. On this occasion Waterton received its name, which was given in honor of Charles Waterton, 1782-1865, the English naturalist and traveler, world famed for his researches into Indian



poisons and ornithological work. By 1860 Blakiston had crossed the pass and arrived at the International Boundary Commission, which was engaged in surveying the boundary between the United States and Canada.

Eight years later there passed over the mountains one of the



CHALET AT MORaine LAKE, NEAR LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA, CANADA

most picturesque figures of the early West, John George Brown. He was born in England, educated at Eton and Oxford and was for years an army officer in India. He reached San Francisco in 1862, and became a cowboy, gold prospector and soldier of fortune. In 1865 he made his way to Fort Edmonton, Alberta, and from one of the mountains nearby, he and his four companions saw the plains below black with buffalo and beyond them, spread out in all its beauty, lay the blue lake engirdled by mountains. Greatly moved by the scene, Brown decided to settle there and later became the park's first warden and afterwards acting superintendent. He married twice, half-breed women, his last wife, a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, surviving him and now living in Waterton Lakes Park. "Kootenai" Brown (as he came to be called), though suffering privation and hardship, defended the region first chosen by himself and later by the Government from the attack of poacher and vandal.

Unlike the other parks, the reservation cannot be reached directly by rail, the nearest stations being over thirty-five miles away, one at Pincher Creek and the other at Cardston, in the south, where stands the beautiful "Mormon" temple. But the lakes can be reached by splendid roads that are a delight to the traveler.

Nearing the mountains the road from Cardston crosses a swiftly flowing river and pretty valley of grassy meadows, and round the bend one passes from prairie land to mountain land, and the lake stretches out in all its grandeur. There may be more imposing parts of the Rockies but none are surpassing these lakes in loveliness. Green forests spread around the blue water and, towering high above them, the peaks covered with eternal snow look like fantastic castles and fairy turrets. These have their reflection in the lake, and here the poet may commune with the Infinite, the weary and sad find surcease from toil and care, while the artist may find many a theme as entrancing as the tales of beauty of far-off Arcadia.

Eastward of the mountains lay the towns of southern Alberta, Cardston, Lethbridge, Pincher Creek and McLeod, whence come tourists to share the delights of nature. Here on the vast rolling prairies are the beautiful and well cultivated farms inhabited to a large degree in the south country by Latter-day Saints. Here, where once roamed the buffalo by the thousands, but gone today, they live and worship; where once tribe clashed with tribe, wheat and sugar beets grow, and there is but little to remind one of exciting hunts and fights.

Still occasionally is seen a half-obliterated wallow near the road side, an old beaten trail, a few poles that mark the site of a once ancient Sun Lodge. But it is believed today that the spirits of the old braves find rest in the mountains that surround "Omoksiimi" (beautiful waters), now known as Waterton Lakes.



# The Family of Jonathan Heaton

BY ELSIE C. CARROLL



THE JONATHAN HEATON HOME AT MOCCASIN,  
ARIZONA

THE greatest salvation for any young man," declares a modern journalist, "is for him to find the right hero, the hero that inspires him along the lines of character and talent which he believes he possesses in the highest degree. A man can do well in anything he attempts if he will just get the right hero, the right ideals in his mind, and never leave them. The biggest thing in any man's life is his heroes."

Does the fact that the one hundred eighty-seven living members of Jonathan Heaton's family all keep the Word of Wisdom suggest that they have had the right kind of heroes and

ideals to inspire them?

At any rate that fact is most interesting in this day of comparatively loose living—a family numbering one hundred eighty-seven members of whom it can be said that none of them use tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor; that none of their names are listed among the law-breakers of any court; that they are all living clean, active, successful lives.

That these people do have the right kind of heroes and ideals is suggested by the following statement of one of Brother Heaton's sons:

"We often read in the daily papers and magazines of some man who has accomplished a great thing before he passed to the great beyond. I do not believe in waiting until my father is dead to express my feelings about the great thing he has done. Often in my travels I have heard such expressions as this: 'I wish the old man had left me a little money or property.' Such statements have caused me to ask myself the question, What is the best thing a man can leave to his posterity when he passes from this life? And such ponderings have made me realize and appreciate the heritage my father



and mother have given me. When I think of the things great men have achieved, I cannot think of anything greater than the achievements of my father and his wives, who have given to the world twenty-six sons and daughters, and who, through their noble, unselfish lives and by their precepts and example have taught those children the principles of the Gospel and true citizenship to the extent that they and their families are all trying to live as Latter-day Saints should live."

This statement of the son's seems almost like an echo of an expressed prayer of the father's. In commenting upon the success he has had with his family, and in reply to a number of questions, Brother Heaton made this remark in one of his answers:

"I think the Lord has been very good to me. Before I was married I used to tell the Lord that if he gave me a family I wanted him to give me strength, wisdom and understanding enough to return them all back to him clean and pure—and that is still my prayer."

It is evident that the Lord heard the prayers of that young man



THE JONATHAN HEATON FAMILY. TWENTY-FIVE OF HIS TWENTY-SIX CHILDREN ARE HERE SHOWN.

fifty years ago, and gave him both the family and the wisdom and understanding he desired.

Jonathan Heaton was married to Amy Hoyt on his eighteenth birthday, September 22, 1875, in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City. Three years later he married Lucy Carroll. It is an unusual privilege for a man to celebrate two Golden Weddings in his lifetime, yet that pleasure has been Brother Heaton's. At the time of these marriages, which was, of course, long before the "Manifesto" of President Woodruff, Jonathan Heaton and his wives were members of the United Order, which was at that time flourishing in the little town of Orderville. He and his wife Amy were the first couple married after the Order was established, and they lived in the Order as long as it lasted. Throughout the Church, United Orders had been organized according to a plan worked out by President Young and other authorities. These operated with varying degrees of success for a few years after their establishment; but none of the others lasted as long or worked as efficiently as the one at Orderville. There the people lived for about ten years as one big family. They ate together in a large community dining hall, and took turns working in the kitchen, the commissary, the tannery, the woolen factory and the many other shops and offices, just as the members of a large family might do. A large building in the center of the village, designated as "The Big House," together with tents and wagons, provided sleeping quarters for the different families. All the property was held in common, and each person was apportioned what he needed by a controlling body known as the Board of Directors. A strong bond of brotherly love developed among these people, which marked the community for many years after the breaking up of the Order. The few surviving members of the organization still love to recount the good times they experienced "in the days of the Order."

In commenting on this period of his life, Brother Heaton recently said:

"We had no home at that time. During most of the time for a year or two our best room was a wagon box. Our first child was born at the saw mill which used to stand at the forks of the road a number of miles north of Orderville. We were at all times subject to the wishes of the Board of Directors, and didn't stay long in one place."

From the time he was seventeen years of age, Brother Heaton was given much responsibility. At that age he was appointed by the Board to act as foreman over a company of men, many of them old enough to be his grandfather. It was a saying among his friends and fellow-workers that Jonathan Heaton could get more willing labor out of men than any one in the community. The secret of this, they claimed, was that his motto was always "come" instead of "go"



—a motto to which much of the success of his family can also be attributed.

During the period of the Order, Brother Heaton and his wives were called to superintend the work of raising cotton for the Order on a large farm near Washington. They lived there for four years, successfully carrying on the work that had been assigned to them.

When asked about the success with which he carried on such responsibilities at so early an age, Brother Heaton replied:

"I always thought if the Board had confidence enough in me to put me in such places, I would do the best I could; and as sixty days was all the schooling I ever had, I had to shoot or give up the gun."

After the Order broke up, Brother Heaton was chosen counselor to Bishop Henry W. Esplin, which position he held for a number of years, until he moved to the northern part of Kane county, then called Upper Kanab, the present cite of Alton, which town owes its creation and development to the Heaton family.

Today Brother Heaton has a large home at Alton, where his wife Amy resides, and one at Moccasin, Arizona, in which Sister Lucy lives, and many of his sons and daughters have their homes at



HOME BUILT BY JONATHAN HEATON FOR HIS CHILDREN WHILE THEY WERE ATTENDING HIGH SCHOOL AT BEAVER, UTAH



one or the other of these two places. The family has thus been able to work on a cooperative basis, which helps to account for the financial successes it has attained.

Besides his two wives and twenty-six sons and daughters and their wives and husbands, Brother Heaton now has one hundred six living grandchildren, eleven grandsons and granddaughters-in-law, and twenty great-grandchildren, making the total of living members in his family one hundred eighty-seven.

The contribution of this family in service to the Church is something of which they may well be proud. When asked regarding the missionary work of his family Brother Heaton made this statement:

"My own children have spent a total of twenty-one years in the mission field. I have spent \$19,000.00 for missionary work, and it has brought better returns than any other money I have ever spent. There are three of my grand-children on missions now, and of course my family have used a lot of means for missions besides what I have spent."

The fact is, that twenty of the one hundred eighty-seven members of the family have filled missions, many of them to foreign fields.

All of Brother Heaton's sons and daughters except one are engaged in Church activities. At the present time his sons are holding the following Church positions:

In stake presidency, 1; high councilor, 1; bishop (also one just released), 1; bishop's counselors, 2; presidents of elders' quorums, 2; president of seventies, 1; presidents stake Y. M. M. I. A., 2; secretary of Mutual, 1; superintendent ward Sunday School, 1; assistant superintendents, 2. His other children are all engaged as teachers, secretaries, etc., in the different organizations.

The members of Brother Heaton's family have not alone been successful in their religious lives, but they have achieved temporal success as well. They all have good homes and good businesses—his sons being chiefly engaged in stock-raising, farming and building—and are among the leading citizens in the communities in which they live.

When asked how he had accomplished so much with his family along the lines of personal success, Brother Heaton made this comment:

"I have always kept them busy, letting them use their own judgment and initiative as much as possible, and I have tried to give them a practical education—and, above all, my children have had good mothers. We have always tried to be as one."

One of the sons in commenting upon the success of his father with this large family said:

"I believe the reason father and our mothers have succeeded



THE JONATHAN HEATON HOME AT ALTON, UTAH

so well in this is because they have always prayed *with* us every night and morning, and have taught us to pray from our infancy. Father eliminated the devil's work-shop, idleness, by always having something for us all to do. We have all been well taught and I believe that to marry well and to rear clean, noble families is the greatest calling of Latter-day Saints. I know nothing more valuable that could be given to a family than the examples and teachings that have been given to us."

Brother Heaton and his two deserving wives are all in the best of health and are living happily and contentedly in the Kanab stake surrounded by their splendid families. It must truly be a source of satisfaction to them to watch this procession of fine men and women they have given to the world, going forward, clean and upright, in the service of their fellow-men and their God.

This living monument to the ideals and precepts and examples of these parents should serve as a source of inspiration to other parents still going through the struggle of endeavoring to mould real men and women. Also the successful lives of the children of Brother Heaton should convince young people of our Church that the best heroes boys and girls can take to serve, as inspiration and guides, are their own heroic Latter-day Saint fathers and mothers.

# The Law of Life

BY A. C. LAMBERT, B. Y. U.

And the young man came to the teacher asking, "What is the use of being good?"

And the teacher replied, "Have you not read that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation?' And that 'The Lord, our God, is a jealous God, and visiteth his anger upon them that do evil?'"

And the young man said, "Yes, it is so written. But this nation lived very long ago and the ways of their God are strange to me. I do not question God, but neither do I understand some of the sayings. I think I know more of life than of God. So let us talk of life. Why should I be good when the way of goodness seems to render life so artificial and so barren? Here am I in the full vigor of youth. On every hand are avenues of delight but many of them labeled with your conventional 'Thou shalt not.' Why should I forego the power and advantage which wealth brings when by skillful management and adequate attention to my own interests I may gain wealth and use it as I please? Honesty as a policy? Perhaps, but why should I not get mine whenever the getting is good? It is the law of survival that he who can shall take, and he who has shall keep. Altruism, justice, and charity are but high-sounding words and of little practical application. To love my competitor as myself is a gospel of foolishness. Working for others is a doctrine of waste.

"Or, why may I not take the pleasures of life where I find them? Nature has made me full of desires, and the world has the means of their satisfaction. To deny these pleasures is to deny the nature of my own being. Surely the nature of life ought to be an adequate measure of the ways of life, and to fail to live as life demands is

to deny life. To 'be good' denies me life."

And the teacher answered, "I wish that you could possess early the treasure that is beyond the price of wealth—the power to know yourself. But neither wealth nor wishing can give it. And without it you can not see completely the answer to your question. But let us attempt an answer, and in terms of life itself. You speak well to say that the nature of life ought to be an adequate measure of the goods of life. But you fail to bring forward the complete nature of life. Let us see.

"You do not grasp the heated iron because you have learned that it scars your flesh. Neither do you jump from a high precipice, even though the flight promises to be exhilarating, because you know that destruction lies at the bottom. Your intelligence examines the conditions of life and teaches you the way of survival. The conditions of life itself furnish the measure of life's conduct. That is a good principle. It is the key to 'being good.' For goodness, or morality, or the way of right living, is the voice of experience and intelligence in the ways of life. Let me state it so you can think with me. Here I am in the midst of life. I have experiences. I think about them. I discover that some experiences have more value for me than others. Some acts bring greater satisfactions, some less; some acts become good and some become bad. In this manner I learn a fundamental truth of life—that morality, or "being good," is not of necessity something externally imposed upon me by someone who wants to take all the fun out of life, but it is a condition inherent in the very nature of life itself; it grows out of life and is that which gives life meaning and



significance. I can not escape morality since I can not escape the eternal necessity of searching for the better thing. If I choose a lesser good when a greater is possible, I deny the very nature of my being, and I lose life. The discovery of such loss brings me suffering and unhappiness. If I choose the greater good, I find added life and enduring happiness. Life itself forces me to the good, for goodness is the way with which intelligence and experience oppose the ways of ignorance and impulse. The most basic reason for 'being good' is that we can not escape it."

And the young man asked, "But why should one be good in any particular way or fashion? Why be good in the approved ways? Perhaps we can find ways that are better than the old ways."

And the teacher said, "This is a more difficult step perhaps because you can not live life in advance, neither can you live the life of other people except indirectly. You are forced to accept the testimony of those members of the race who have traveled the road of life and who have seen more fully what are the complete conditions of life which give an adequate measure of living. It is true that we must always leave the way open for the better ways. Not all good has been discovered and crystallized into codes, but it seems to be equally true that human nature exhibits certain constants, certain fundamental threads of life that may be traced through all times, and it is upon these abiding verities that we must weave the pattern of our lives. Certain facts persist. Of some things you may be sure. You will go on living and thinking and choosing and remembering. Your acts will continue to give greater or lesser satisfaction; results of acts will be what they will be and not any amount of hoping will change the results. You will continue to live in a world where other people live and think and act and seek fulfillment of desires. You may think that you

can live for yourself and by yourself and make your own life. But in reality all that you can say is that you live with yourself but always among other selves. And from yourself you can never escape. And from what others do and what they think about what you do and from the things which they do as a result of what you do there can be no escape. The tomorrows do come and the memories of the yesterdays do remain. And the measure of the tomorrows and the measure of the memories is that which you do in a world with other people.

"Now the voice of righteousness or of any given code of morals is the accumulated wisdom of people who have lived life through under a given set of conditions, who have lived through the todays and the tomorrows which have always followed. They have seen life functioning in the complex inter-relationships necessary to group life, and over long periods of time. The 'Shalts' and the 'Shalt Not's' which come down to youth is the voice of the race passing on its experiences and its wisdom. 'He is wise who seeks not to mould his life according to his longings, but who accepts the rules of the game and follows the paths blazed by the seers and doers before him. Only those individuals and those nations have achieved success that have been willing to learn and follow the ideals which life itself imposes, the eternal laws which religious men call the will of God.'

"Honesty and truthfulness are the warp and woof of confidence, and without confidence social life would be impossible. And without the group life your life as an individual would be infinitely barren. To be consistently selfish you must render active allegiance to the basic virtues. Without the virtues of charity and justice and service we all live less abundantly.

"Unregulated pleasures of the flesh do not deliver continuing happiness. It is the voice of race experience verified times without number that the limits

of enjoyment on the level of the animal nature of men are soon reached and satiety replaces pleasure. That which once seemed so full of possibilities for life soon loses its power to deliver happy life and becomes as gall and wormwood. The fire unregulated soon burns itself out and only dead ashes remain from which the living flame may not be rekindled. And following unregulated pleasures memory creeps in to mock and to curse.

"Experience is the greatest of all teachers. Life is the fundamental revelation of life. Young man, capitalize upon the experiences of those who have preceded you along the way of life

and who have learned most truly that the conditions of life itself set the measure of full and happy living. They have learned that he who would find life's finest gifts must often deny himself its gaudiest. Life as it is lived sets the measure of conduct, but it must be life as it is lived in its entirety."

The teacher ceased, and the young man asked, "Then the good of being good is that it is the way of life, the way of life in its fulness?"

And the teacher said, "Yes. Righteousness is the Law of Life."

And the young man went his way, thinking.

## IT DOES NOT PAY!

*"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."*

It does not pay  
To break the Sabbath Day!  
The apparent gain is loss.  
You've missed the precious gold  
And seized the dross.

It does not pay  
To break the Sabbath Day!  
The work you feel  
In duty bound to do  
Can all be done within the time  
God has appointed you.

Six days for labour—  
Seventh—for God and worldly rest,  
Do this—obey the "Fourth Command"—  
Trust—and be blest.

Lethbridge, Canada

DAVID HORTON ELTON

Be the parcel, not the wrapper; be a woman, not a flapper.  
Stand up to your fate, for you can,  
Just lift up your eyes, to the blue of the skies,  
Be ready to marry a man!

SUSA YOUNG GATES

# The Martyrdom

BY BRIGHAM S. YOUNG

If you had known Glasgow near the middle of the last century, you would have known a city of some intemperance and some intolerance, but of an integrity wholly Scotch.

The Glasgow Green was a grand place for the lads and lassies; they gathered there summer evenings in hundreds; their good-natured chaff was shrewd and entertaining, though their repartee was sometimes sharp and even insulting and not infrequently led to personal encounters between the lads, with the lassies oftentimes joining in, but "broadly speakin'" the mingling of these hundreds was kindly and amusing.

A balmy air with a tang of the sea coming up the Clyde, lent a fine invigoration, and with your lassie's hand tucked under your arm, or, as some of them were placed, about each other's necks, life was riotously happy and little thought was given to the change and care which freighted the coming years.

The Green was bounteously supplied with amusements, Punch and Judy shows were frequent; negro minstrels, with banjo, harmonica and tambourine accompaniment, sang lilting Southern melodies with a broad Scotch accent, as a sweet-faced tot passed the hat for such hard-squeezed contributions as the swains could afford or the accompanying lass deemed "suffecient."

Political discussion raged and Liberal or Conservative speakers were mercilessly heckled by a sarcastic opposition; in other groups could be heard open Socialism, and it was even darkly hinted that if one knew just where to look, there could be found long-haired, snaky foreigners, hissing dangerous doctrines of the Revolution, murder and the torch.

Religion, too, raised her voice; stab-

bing the night air, came the high-pitched tones of some female enthusiast, or, as was more likely, it would be the sonorous drone of some brawny Scot contending for a finely drawn theological point which distinguished his cult from another nearly akin to it.

The young people of the crowds sauntered laughingly and leisurely from group to group, usually lingering longest where the hybrid minstrels sighed out "Mah Old Kentucky Home" or raucously assailed the ear with "Hear dem Bells."

Among the throngs one Sabbath evening, were a young man and woman who hurried breathlessly from group to group, stopping only long enough to get the drift of the talk, and not finding what they sought, the lad impatiently exclaiming "an that's no them," would hurry away; but after a search which extended over the better part of an hour, and in an unfrequented corner of the Green, they came upon a little knot of lowly speaking and intently listening people, who were evidently desirous of escaping the attention of those who sought only amusement.

Listening but a moment, the boy announced to his companion "Aye they're the lads I was tellin' you of," and giving his companion's hand a reassuring squeeze continued, "Now, Jeannie lass, you'll hear something."

As did the others of the group, so they stood in rapt silence until the service was concluded by prayer, when the deep and reverent tones of a heavily bearded convert thanked the Divine One "that He had restored the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." The service concluded, they still lingered, drawing closely about "the elders," asking eager questions, while some among the group related incidents of miraculous



healings, or boys bore "testimony" to the wondrous gifts of the spirit, and one, a slip of a girl, asked that she be given a place to stay, until she could arrange her affairs, as she had been told on leaving home that evening, "If you go to the 'Mormons', you will find the door locked when you return."

Lifelong friendships and even the sacred ties of family were rent asunder if one so much as dared believe the scripture, and almost it seemed there was a shifting back to those days of stern suppression, when severe penalties were inflicted on those who dared express belief in the Protestant scripture.

"Did ye mind what he said, Jeannie, a young man in America had seen God? And why not, lass? The ancients saw him. The scripture reads that Abraham not only saw him but walked and talked with him as well, aye, even as one man walks and talks wi another."

"But Johnnie, does na the scripture say, too, he hauds the Hivins in his haunds? He could na do that if he were but a man, and the meenister says, God is everywhere, and that's no possible if he were but like a man."

And so they walked and argued, the boy with a growing conviction that these boys, whom he had now twice heard preaching on the Green, taught something as different as it was strange and which gripped him unaccountably, robbing him of interest in everything about him, save this girl whom he loved and with whom he strove tenderly and persistently, that she might see these mighty truths which were rooting themselves deep in his soul.

Months went by but never a meeting was held in the city that did not find the lad a keen and intent listener to these boys who proclaimed "the everlasting Gospel," and as he drank in their every word, expressions of approval and acceptance were drawn from him in protracted sighs, or as sometimes a convulsive sob attesting his deep conviction, while beside him

sat poor Jeannie, struggling vainly to grasp truths far beyond her power to comprehend.

Faithfully and tearfully she plodded the path of patient endeavor, but only succeeded in more hopelessly entangling herself in abstruse spiritual intricacies, and what glimmerings of understanding came to her, were so at variance with all her former teachings that she perforce must reject them.

One Sabbath, when they had been at service the entire day, for all recreation, friends, everything had been thrust aside for this newly found and soul-absorbing faith which dominated their waking moments and even crept into their dreams, the boy announced his determination to apply for baptism.

"An will ye leave me an gang away? Dinna do that, laddie."

"Na na, Jeannie lass, when I gang ye'll gang wi me," tenderly and positively he assured her.

The formalities imposed by the elders' questions as to their understanding fundamentals, family objections, etc., being complied with, the boy answering all inquiries and the girl assenting with feverish alacrity, they were inducted into the Church through the door of baptism.

Then began a long period of privation and saving, for the momentous journey to Zion—Zion, the Mecca of the converts,—Zion, that towered above the horizon of their drab lives like a city of rose and pearl—Zion where was peace and prosperity and love and where every man sought the good of his neighbor, and the Saints lived in the glow of continuous revelation.

They reveled in dreams, dreams which made work, persecution, the inhuman treatment of family and friends mere incidents, which they brushed aside as brambles obstructing a hillside path. The spirit of the boy seized upon Jeannie, and while she did not understand, yet she shared his glowing enthusiasm.

Young, hopeful, fervent, they toiled and saved, and then one ecstatic day their little hoard of savings had grown to be "enough" to take them to Zion. They danced and sang and hugged and kissed each other in transports of joy. Zion, Heaven, was just over the sea!

The squalid tenement where they lived, reeking with odors of the gutter and close human contact, slipped away, and in its stead appeared shining, shining palaces, resting amid gardens which breathed the fragrance of the fabled Indies, so wondrous are the effects of youth and religious enthusiasm.

Jeannie must go to the country for a brief visit, to an aunt who had taken her when a little tot from the arms of a tired mother who lay at rest in the churchyard of the village where Jeannie was born.

While at home she went again to church, and sat where she had sat as child and maiden, and heard again the well remembered tones of the "meen-ister" drone through the sermon, such an one as she could understand, she sang again the old and dearly loved hymns, and read again the prayers from the revered prayer book and felt at peace with all the world.

These she could understand, here were no elusive points of doctrine which unsettled conviction and scattered to the winds the faith she had clung to and lived in the dear past, and which she was now about to put away forever. Cradled here in this haven, was all her heart's desire, if only her boy were with her, and he could see and hear and feel as she did.

The day of parting, which they had sought to hide and cover amid the round of gaieties, burst upon them, leaving them in dumb terror at its full meaning, for Jeannie knew, as did they all, that never again on earth should they behold each others' faces, and death as surely came between them as if it had been the grave, to tear them from each other while they yet lived.

That week in the village remained

with her as a "bright exhalation" through all the weary and uncomprehending years which followed, and only her love for the boy stayed her hand, but for him she would toss aside Zion with all he had pictured it, but she could not renounce him; recalling the scripture she realized its tragic import, "For where thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And so for him and her love for him, accepting a faith not understood, she went unflinchingly to her martyrdom.

America was reached, and after a weary drag of lengthening weeks, toiling over sun-baked plains in blistering heat, climbing bleak hills which led to jagged and frowning mountains, crossing icy torrents that carried the chill of death in their raging flow, they came to the "valley" and beheld ZION. Was this that city painted by the "elders" in such glowing terms as made it seem a paradise on earth? Was this the city of their dreams? They sank upon the ground in broken despair and sobbed out their disappointment in each other's arms. The Zion they beheld was but the ugly seed which one day shall bring the fruit and flower of their dreams.

They settled among friends in a little village nestling at the foot of mountains—those fearsome mountains which, when they first beheld them, loomed so darkly in their path, as blocking their way to all earthly happiness, but which they learned to love, and which in their changed aspect stood as mighty bulwarks to ward away the menace of the world.

Life was simple and uneventful in this retired mountain valley and they prospered exceedingly in the new land, for they were thrifty folk and knew the economy which is wrung from want.

Many children came to teach them the real lessons of life, the meaning of the injunction "increase and multiply." To multiply they must expand; expansion meant education; schools

were distant and expensive; but patient and intelligent toil brought results. Their boys grew to be fine, stalwart fellows, and the girls, thrifty and charming.

Aunt Jean, as she was called, was known and loved by the whole settlement and in truth for miles around, but she was a home body and took no part in public, her home was her little world, for long ago her understanding husband had left off persuading her to go among the congregations of the Saints; her quiet appeal that she be permitted to remain at home was respected, but her husband knew and cherished her more tenderly for the knowing.

Always she was urgent that her children be prompt and constant in every duty exacted by her husband's Church, and hers as far as she could comprehend it.

Her boys went on missions, and one of them preached in the little village where she had lived; her aunt had long since passed on and lay beside the mother Jean had never known, but there were those who still remembered "little Jean," and many was the friendly hand that went out to her boy because they had known and loved his mother.

It was the "Twenty-fourth," and all the settlement had gathered at the "Meeting House" to do honor to the Pioneers.

The morning was devoted to the program and some of Aunt Jean's family took part, for they were talented above the average, but even her children's public appearance did not draw her from her seclusion.

At noon the public luncheon was spread beneath the great trees the early settlers had planted about the building under the wise counsel of the "authorities," and the bursting baskets were relieved of their fragrant and delicious contents.

The settlement was noted for its many children and they were there in scurrying, noisy numbers, clutching

in grimy hands what they had lost capacity to contain, or waiting in tearful impatience about a giant barrel where sweating servitors ladled out lemonade.

It was a hungry, homely, healthy gathering, happy in its holiday, with no suggestion of rancor or rowdyism.

The afternoon was given over to sports, foot-racing, wrestling, baseball and horse pulling contests, but the full finale, the culminating feature of the day, was the big dance at night, and as the evening fell, preparations for home busied the tired parents and satiated children.

The lowing cattle coming from their pastures along the creek, lent the music of their distant bells, and the purpling shadows creeping toward the summits of those mighty mountains foretold the sweet coolness of a serene and starry night.

The young people, hand in hand, went singing along the tree-fringed roads bidding each other be early at the dance.

One group, among them some of Aunt Jean's children, trooped into the rambling old home set among shade and orchard trees to see her and recount the triumphs of the day, but she was not at her accustomed place beside the shaded window and they sought her, calling through the rooms.

They found her dressed in her Scotch silk, lying asleep where she had lain wearily down; across her shrunken breast her folded hands clasped the little prayer book thumbled and tear-stained. She had gone with the day, borne upward with the shadows which brought the night; her gentle spirit had climbed those heights where she could see all things earthly, and understand what had so mystified her here.

She lay, a wondrous creature, the votary of a love which had led her blindly through the years, where she walked always uncomprehending, in solitude, clad in the sombre habiliments of a religious martyrdom.



# Gentile Gibbs' Boy

FIRST-PRIZE STORY, BY MRS. ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

The drop of a pin could have been heard in the crowded little church as the voice of the young man ended his masterful speech. It was the final one of the contest. For a moment no one stirred. Then the old man on the front row, whose rapt face had robbed the brilliant young speaker of part of my attention, drew a handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose. Instantly the spell was broken. There was a thunder of applause, followed by a subdued buzz of appreciative comments. The judges, as everyone knew they would, awarded the prize to the last speaker, listed as number four in the contest.

While the choir was preparing to sing, I leaned over and asked Bishop Whiting the name of the boy who had just finished.

"That's Donald McKell—Gentile Gibbs' boy," he answered; adding hurriedly, "remind me to tell you his story."

There wasn't any danger of my forgetting to remind him, for never in all my experience in M. I. A. work had my interest been so challenged by the words of a young speaker. I am afraid I didn't hear much of the song for my eyes kept seeking the face of the young contestant. It was not a handsome face, but there was character written all over it. The old man whose eager listening had attracted me was also still looking up at the boy who had just spoken, his face shining with adoring pride. I wondered if that was Gentile Gibbs of whom I had heard on my intermittent visits to Banak. I was not long in discovering that a third pair of eyes was neglecting the music to stray to the sandy-haired lad. These were soft brown eyes, looking out from the pretty face, framed with brown curls, of a little girl who sat in the choir. Two or three times the lad

looked in her direction and each time the tan of his cheeks seemed to deepen.

Immediately after adjournment the young winner was surrounded by congratulating friends. I crowded up with the rest of them, and when Bishop Whiting said, "Donald, Brother Blank of the General Board would like to shake hands with you," I was happy to tell the young man how proud we were of the thing he had done. He received my congratulations with reserve, but with genuine appreciation.

He soon left the stage and began talking with the old man, while the little brown-eyed girl stood waiting a few steps away.

The Bishop had invited me to spend the night with him, so as soon as we were in his car and headed for his home, I reminded him of his promise.

"You were going to tell me, Bishop, about that young lad who won the contest—Gentile Gibbs' boy, you called him."

"Yes, yes; a very interesting story—and helpful because it's true and happened right here in our own midst.

"You perhaps know," the Bishop commenced, "that Hank Gibbs had been the only permanent Gentile in Banak for as far back as most of us can remember. There have been transients, of course, now and then, but Gentile Gibbs has always been with us, and as we used to say, he was a regular 'Mormon' eater. I remember when I was a youngster, during the period we used the term 'the raid,' when men with plural wives lived in a regular nightmare of dread of the deputy marshals who used continually to harass them, old man Gibbs usually spent most of his time securing information for 'the depts,' and several of our older men have him to thank for their terms in the state prison and for what their families suffered in consequence."

"But," I interrupted the Bishop, "wasn't that he, there on the front row tonight—the most attentive and appreciative person in the room?"

"Yes; that's what makes it all so interesting.

"You see we had grown up here in Banak to regard Hank Gibbs as the embodiment of all that is evil, never dreaming that there might be a vein of good in his character if only someone should try to reach it.

"He wasn't always a Gentile,—an apostate, you see. When he was a boy, so I recall, soon after he had married Emily Callister, the daughter of Bishop Callister, who had been sent down here to help settle this part of the country, he was disfellowshipped for something he considered quite insignificant. From that time he was a bitter enemy of the Church. His young wife died a few years later, of a broken heart, as everyone said, leaving a little girl.

"Brother and Sister Callister, naturally, wanted to take the baby, but Gibbs took her away to a relative of his in California, and we never did hear much about her. Once in a great while she would come out for a short visit, and while her grandmother Callister lived I think she sort of kept in touch with her.

"Then we heard she was married and later that her husband had been killed in the World War. Soon after that she came back with her little boy and kept house for her father. But it was only for a couple of years, for she died when Donald was about ten years old.

"I have often thought of late. Brother Blank," the Bishop commented as we started up the path to the house, after putting the car in the garage, "that we Latter-day Saints who have borne so much persecution should have learned the lesson of tolerance. But we *haven't* learned it; we are just as intolerant and probably as cruel in our way as many of our persecutors."

The Bishop went on with his story

as we sat in his comfortable living room.

"You see because little Donald was old man Gibbs' boy he was at once ostracized—set apart, and branded as a Gentile. As a child he was retiring and shy, and as none of the other children sought his companionship he lived in a world of his own. In school he was very bright and read everything available, but he took no part in school doings—that is, he was given no chance to participate in the normal activities of school and community life—and all because he was Gentile Gibbs' boy.

"You remember perhaps that a few years ago there was quite an oil enthusiasm created about some wells discovered just south of here. It brought in a flock of adventurers. Several families, in fact, came and settled for the winter here in Banak. There were among them half a dozen youngsters a little older than Donald. They took him into their crowd and almost over night he seemed to have become a different boy. He lost interest in school. He began to smoke and to sit on the street corners and try to tell as vile jokes, or swear as profanely, as the rest of them.

"That winter we had a regular reign of terror here. Our own youngsters went through the hoodlum period of course as each new crop came along; but we had never known what it meant to have our nights disturbed by drunken yelling and profanity in the streets; to have our cars stolen and smashed up and our places of business looted.

"The strange thing about it was the way old man Gibbs took this change in Donald. My own wife couldn't have been more distracted had she seen our Joe suddenly going to the dogs. He used to spend his nights hunting for the boy, and he paid out hundreds of dollars making good the damages done by the boy and his associates.

"It was two years ago last fall that the gang took a car from the curb in front of the Co-op. store one night and

went over to Granville, which is across the state line, you know. There they got some whisky, and while coming back about three o'clock in the morning they ran into the car of some tourists who were camped by the road about a mile east of town. A woman and a child who were sleeping in the car were rather seriously hurt as were also Donald and one of the other boys.

"The three boys of the gang who were not injured walked back to Granville and somehow got out of the country before the officers learned of the job.

"Donald and his companion were of course arrested, and things looked pretty serious for them. The other boy was nearly twenty-one and Donald only seventeen, so they tried them separately. When the older boy was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary, people began to say that if the judge would only send Donald to the reform school for a few years (since the rest of the gang had skipped), the community might breathe easy again.

"During the preliminary hearing and the time between that and the trial, old man Gibbs went about like a wild man, declaring that Donald had been led into the trouble by the older boys and that if there was any justice in the law they wouldn't make a criminal of him by sending him up and branding him for life. But most everyone in town had some grudge against the old man and thought this served him right for the way he had made other people suffer.

"It's strange, isn't it," the Bishop stopped to philosophize, "how blind our prejudices can make us?" Not one of us was thinking of the boy and what this was going to do to him. We were all rather gloating over the fact that after all Gentile Gibbs was getting what he deserved. It took a stranger to see Donald's side of the affair and to show us what an un-Christian lot we had been. That stranger was Hal Benson,—you know him, our seminary teacher who was new that year.

"We had asked Benson to take over the M Men's group in Mutual and, although school had been going but a little over a month, he had contacted with every boy in town and with their homes. When that affair happened he knew more about Hank Gibbs' boy than all the rest of us had learned in the seven or eight years he had lived here.

"I'll never forget the night Benson came to see me. It was the night before the boy's case was to come up for final hearing. I'm sure I have never felt so chagrined and unworthy of my position in my life.

" 'Bishop,' Benson said, 'we've got to save that boy. He's not a criminal any more than your Joe is. He's a victim of—I suppose I shouldn't say prejudice—but I wonder if you or any one in your ward really know the boy. He's been denied all the normal social contacts a boy ought to have because his grandfather is a Gentile,—at least that's as I understand the matter—though I may, of course, be mistaken.' Benson paused to give me a chance to tell him he *was* mistaken, but I couldn't.

"Then he told me about the boy—his loneliness and the different ways he had tried to substitute things in his life to take the place of the things we self-righteous folks had denied him. We had rather restrained our children when they wanted to play with him. We hadn't welcomed him into the organizations of the Church. He had been shunned merely because he was Gentile Gibbs' boy. So he had built bird-houses in his grandfather's orchard, and had collected moths and butterflies and studied and written up their habits, and had made a little aquarium out in the barn, and had collected quite a library of government bulletins on a dozen different subjects.

" 'Why Donald is the most interesting lad in this town,' Benson declared to me, 'and it's our duty to save him.'

"I was amazed at the things he told me about the boy, and still was un-



willing to give up my prejudices. I reminded Benson that the boy had picked up with those rough chaps from the south almost as soon as they arrived in town, and that there was an old saying about 'birds of a feather.'

"The fact that he took up with them is no proof at all of any natural criminal instincts," Benson insisted. "Any normal boy is gregarious—he likes to be with others of his own age. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should fall in with them when they showed him a little friendliness. Perhaps I ought not to say it Bishop, but those youngsters are not so much to blame for Donald McKell's delinquency as you people right here in Banak are." Benson got all warmed up as he explained some things to me from a psychological viewpoint that I had never sensed before."

At this point Bishop Whiting sat long looking into space; I had to remind him that he hadn't finished the story.

"The trial—they had the trial I suppose?"

"Oh—yes, yes," the Bishop answered, coming out of his reverie with a start. "First, though, I went with Benson to see the boy—they had him there in the jail. It was just dusk when we went, and he looked so little and lonely in that bare cell—and his head and one arm still bandaged. Well, I felt extremely guilty for the things we hadn't tried to do for the boy. I had never noticed before how much his eyes were like his Grandmother Callister's, and I couldn't help thinking what if it had been our Joe—in a place where nobody cared any more than we had cared."

"When we left the jail we went to see Hank Gibbs and to talk things over with him. I dreaded that—he had been so wild at first and he hated everybody in Banak—or at least we thought he did. But the sight of the old fellow, huddled in a corner of the untidy kitchen, was even more pathetic, if possible, than the sight of the boy had been. He had lost all hope and

was trying to resign himself to the loss of the only thing in the world he loved.

"When we had really convinced the old man that we were genuinely interested in the boy and wanted to see that the best thing possible was done for him, the old fellow broke down and cried like a baby.

"Well the outcome was that Donald was given a year's sentence but was paroled to Benson.

"Benson persuaded him to come back to school and with the support of the other boys and what little help I could give him, finally got Donald to feeling that he was a member of the community and not a pariah. He began by taking part in school activities; then he started to come to Sunday School and Mutual. Before the winter was over he was one of the most active members of the M Men's group. The result was that in the spring just before school was out he came to Benson one day and said he wanted to be baptized.

"Talk about dramatic incidents in stories," the Bishop went on after another pause, "you don't read things much more dramatic than what we had right here in Banak the day Donald was baptized. We don't have a font, but do our baptizing down in the reservoir below town. Saturday afternoon, the last of May, had been set apart for baptisms. A large group of children were ready for the ordinance, since no baptizing had been done during the winter months. That, together with the fact, which had become known, that Donald was going to become a member of the Church, brought about half the town out. The time set was four o'clock. Everybody was wondering how old man Gibbs would take it—and whether he knew or not. He had rarely been seen on the streets or in places of business all winter. Heretofore it had always been his custom to spend his afternoons on the street corners or in front of the post office or stores, railing at things in general, but at the Church and Church officials in particular. Naturally there

was considerable excited speculations as to how he would take Donald's baptism.

"The children were baptized first and Benson was just going into the water to officiate for Donald when a suppressed whisper ran through the crowd that Gibbs was coming. We all looked up the road, and sure enough, the old man on his sorrel mare was hurrying toward us. There was a tense silence. Instinctively we all felt sure that he had heard about Donald and was coming to interfere, not that he had made any fuss about Donald's activities during the winter as far as we knew, but we took it for granted his changed attitude was due to gratitude that the boy hadn't been sent to the reform school and consequently didn't openly resent anything Benson thought best for the boy. The fact that he had rarely been seen all winter made the sight of him now seem critical, to say the least.

"Donald was the only one in the crowd who did not become excited—that is, the only one except Benson, who, with his back to the road as he walked into the water, hadn't seen Gibbs approaching.

"When he asked Donald if he was ready and the boy answered affirmatively, we all held our breath, for the grandfather wasn't more than half a dozen rods away. We expected any second to hear him belch forth a stream of profanity and forbid the ceremony.

"Donald walked to Benson's side and Benson was just ready to begin when Gibbs rode up by me and got off his horse. In my fear of what was going to happen and in my effort to decide what I should do when the outburst came, I failed to look at him.

"But no outburst came. Donald was baptized!

"Then I turned my eyes to Hank Gibbs and received the surprise of a lifetime. The old man was standing there with his hat off and his head bowed. His face was working piti-

fully. When Donald stepped upon the bank, the grandfather seized both his hands and bent over him.

"We all stood there watching. For a moment there wasn't a sound or a movement. Then Hank Gibbs turned to me and said:

" 'Bishop, do you think—God would—be insulted if—you should baptize—me—again?'

"Well, we baptized him. And since that time he hasn't missed a meeting and he's paid enough tithing to make up for years and years of negligence, and he can't do enough when it comes to contributing to ward maintenance, and helping the poor or those in trouble. I have been hearing all week from different widows in town that sacks of flour have been left on their doorsteps during the last month. I know the queer old fairy who has been doing all this is Hank Gibbs. Only yesterday he made arrangements for Nellie Snyder to go to the hospital for an operation she has been needing for years. It's pathetic to see how hard he is trying to make up to the Church and to the Lord for those years of hatred. And his pride in Donald—"

The Bishop was interrupted by the opening of the outside door. To my surprise the little brown-eyed girl of the choir came in.

"Brother Blank, this is my daughter," the Bishop said, and as I stepped forward to shake hands with the girl, he asked:

"Did Donald tell you, Ruth, that he received his call for a mission today?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, a deeper pink flushing her pretty face, "and he's so thrilled about it. His grandfather hopes he can go to Europe, but Donald will be satisfied to go anywhere they want him to go."

The light that shone in the girl's brown eyes set me to dreaming of another chapter that would doubtless be added to the story of Gentile Gibbs' boy.

# Messages from the Missions

## THE WELSH DISTRICT CONFERENCE

District President Iver L. Larson sends the following report: The success of the fall conference of the Welsh district caused some consternation among the clergy and lay members of the many churches of South Wales. Prior to this gathering an extensive advertising campaign was carried out in the eastern valley by the traveling missionaries. This made it possible for the people of the colliery districts to receive, upon small hand bills, a part of the message of "Mormonism."

At the conference, about 275 non-members, together with 130 members, crowded into the Varteg Memorial

Hall and listened to the inspired remarks of President and Sister Widtsoe, and to the testimonies of the restored Gospel given by the missionaries. The humility and sincerity of these young men touched the heart of every earnest listener.

The Welsh people are very tolerant and sympathetic. From them the missionaries receive courteous treatment. The alarming amount of unemployment among the collier-men has brought about depressing conditions in the coal mining area. The under-clothed and under-fed people are beginning to recognize the hand of a supreme power in bringing them to



ELDERS OF WELSH DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Clifton G. M. Kerr, district clerk, Tremonton, Utah; Sister Leah D. Widtsoe, president of the European missions Relief Societies; John A. Widtsoe, president of the European missions; Nathaniel E. Parry, outgoing district president, Manti, Utah; David M. Davis, Pocatello, Idaho; Edward E. Morgan, Gunnison, Utah. Back row: A. Faron Spackman, Richmond, Utah; Robert L. Bradford, Spanish Fork, Utah; Hilliard L. Rose, visiting from the Birmingham district, Hyrum, Utah; Iver L. Larsen, incoming district president, Hyrum, Utah; Paul A. Peterson, Lehi, Utah.



humility. The commercialized form in which the Gospel has formerly been preached to the people is fast becoming undesirable to them. Thus the future is bright for the work of the Lord in this part of his vineyard and the zeal of his ambassadors here is being recognized.

Through the *Era* the missionaries of this district send their love and best wishes to their co-laborers in the many lands and to their parents and loved ones at home. They express joy and appreciation of the fact that there is, in the Church, such an organ as the *Improvement Era*.



MISSIONARIES OF VAVAU DISTRICT

Seated, left to right: Fred W. Stone, president of Leimatua branch and teacher in school there; DaCosta Clark, district president; Harold Peterson, president of Haalaufuli branch and teacher in school. Standing: Jone Ulufonua, president Koloa branch; Mateaki, assistant teacher in Haalaufuli school; Tohi Koula, president Otea branch.

## CONFERENCE AT NEIAFU

If *Era* readers were asked to tell where Neiafu is, it is not probable that many could answer correctly. If they were told that it is the chief port of the island of Vavau, many of them, perhaps, would not be much enlightened. It is one of the Tongan group, or Friendly Islands. This group lies between Samoa and Fiji, and as it is always summer there, the barefooted children in the picture (page 504) do not indicate the season. District President DaCosta Clark reports a recent conference at which there was a splendid outpouring of the divine spirit. He says further:

"We have in this district six branches, four of which are presided over by native Priesthood, the other two by white Elders; six Sunday Schools; six Mutuals; four Relief Societies; one Primary and two schools.

"Owing to lack of help and other unfavorable conditions, we have not been able to do much proselyting up until a few months ago, but since that time we have had very good success tracting and holding meetings.

"There are big opportunities in this district, many places where branches could be organized with profit, but we are not able to take advantage of all of them because of shortage of missionaries. Still we feel that the work of the Lord is progressing here in the Vavau district."



SAINTS AND ELDERS AT CONFERENCE, VAVAU DISTRICT, TONGAN MISSION

### HAWKES BAY DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND

Pres. J. Edmund McGregor reports that a very successful conference was held at Te Hauke on September 1 and 2, 1928. There were in attendance President John E. Magleby and wife and thirteen Elders and three sisters from Zion. The average attendance at meetings was 300, of which 50% were investigators. It being a Maori branch, very few Europeans were present.

An important feature of the conference was a Primary pageant presented by the Maori Primary children under the direction of Sister Louise Magleby. Primary work is a new phase of the Gospel recently introduced into the New Zealand mission. It is progressing rapidly and gaining much favor among the Maori and European people. Many non-"Mormon" Primaries are already organized.

A new district presidency was sustained to take care of the five Maori branches in this district, under the direction of President J. E. Magleby.

Elder J. Edmond McGregor was released as district president; the position was filled by Eriate Nopera, president; Stuart Meha, first counselor; Wilson Paewai, second counselor. All are Maori brethren, Brother Nopera being the only High Priest among the Maoris in New Zealand. Several advances were made in the Priesthood. It is the first time in the history of the mission that district presiding authority has been given to the Maori brethren. We are anticipating greater advancement among these people in the future.

The New Zealand mission is enjoying the spirit of the great latter-day work. The Elders are laboring in unity and are enjoying the spirit which accompanies devoted service.

We appreciate the valuable material and articles printed in the *Era* and find it a great help to us in spreading the truth.





MISSIONARIES IN NEW ZEALAND

Back row, left to right: A. S. Ballif, principal Maori Agricultural College; Sister A. S. Ballif, president of mission Primaries, Rexburg, Idaho; Mission President John E. Magleby; Sister Jennie Magleby, president of mission Relief Societies, Monroe, Utah; J. Edmond McGregor, district president, Ogden, Utah; H. Lawrence Manwaring, president of mission Sunday Schools; Sister Manwaring, first counselor in presidency of mission Primaries, Rexburg, Idaho; E. C. Allen, College faculty, Mesa, Arizona; Halvor F. Johnson, president Auckland district, Benjamin, Utah; Grant S. Stark, Wellington district, Spanish Fork, Utah. Front row: Elmer S. Palmer, editor of *Te Karere*, Preston, Idaho; A. Ammon Benson, assistant editor, Moreland, Idaho; Richard Marsh, College faculty; Shirley F. Jensen, College faculty, Holiday, Utah; Ernest G. Hymas, Preston, Idaho; Leland P. Roberts, Logan, Utah; J. Reed Jones, Cedar City, Utah.

### CAMPAIGNING IN ALBANY

The *Era* is in receipt of two reports from Albany, N. Y., one from District President Leonard D. Bellamy, the other from Mission Secretary Wilburn C. West.

Albany, capital of New York and one of the oldest chartered towns in the United States, having been incorporated in 1686, has not been a particularly fruitful field in the past. It was the objective of Burgoyne's campaign during the Revolutionary war. Now it is being invaded by an army (a very small one, it is true) of peace, whose objective is to bring to the peo-

ple the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the truth which makes men free.

Street meetings are held regularly and are resulting in much good. Several honest souls have recently been baptized. A Primary, made up of non-"Mormon" children, is one of the outstanding associations of the mission, having a regular average attendance of twenty-five boys and girls who are not yet members of the Church.

The recent visit of Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, and Mission President James H. Moyle has inspired the missionaries with renewed energy.





#### MISSIONARIES OF ALBANY DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Cora Roberts, John S. McAllister, Leonard D. Bellamy, district president; Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve; Sister James H. Moyle, president of mission Relief Societies; James H. Moyle, mission president, and Susan Phillips. Back row: Vernon L. Johnsen, Glen J. Neilson, Edmund W. Ellsworth, Franklin R. Barner, Harry P. Jones, Louis J. Bowers, Hames H. Yardley, and Gordon M. Blaylock.

#### ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH VISITS SAN JOSE

Although the members of the Council of the Twelve are traveling much of the time, it is not possible for them to go often into the various districts. When they are able to do so, Church members and friends feel very much blessed. Pres. Everett T. Devey expresses himself thus in reporting Elder George Albert Smith's visit, in company with Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin, to the San Jose district on February 16.

The missionaries were encouraged and as a result of the meetings, and

the instructions which were given by the visiting brethren, are facing the tremendous responsibility of warning the world with added determination to do their best.

Many Saints and investigators were present at the meetings and expressed their gratitude for the visit and for the valuable instructions that were imparted. Missionaries, too, join in the hope that President McMurrin and Elder Smith will be blessed to continue their splendid work.



#### MISSIONARIES OF SAN JOSE DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Joseph Rackstraw, president Palo Alto branch; Franklin Jones; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve; Everett T. Devey, retiring district president; Samuel J. Robinson, incoming district president; Frank Harmon, president San Jose branch. Second row: Lorentz Peterson, Irene Seal, Erma E. Sparks, Emma Farnsworth, Sarah S. Clark, Naomi Fjeldsted, Winfield B. Burton. Third row: Theo H. Corry, J. Karl Heywood, Raymond Knell, Winfield H. Clark, Burdett Coleman.

### SECOND ANNUAL CARAVAN OF THE NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION TO THE ALBERTA TEMPLE, CARDSTON, CANADA

BY MARIAN GARDNER, A MISSIONARY

Hearts must be pure to come within these walls,  
Where spreads a feast unknown to festive halls.  
Freely partake, for freely God hath given,  
And taste the holy joys that tell of Heaven.

Here learn of Him who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And unto men, the keys, the kingdom gave.  
Joined here by ties the past and present bind;  
The living and the dead perfection find.

—Orson F. Whitney.

This beautiful sentiment is written on bronze tablets above the portals of the Lord's Holy House in Cardston, Canada. Hundreds of tourists every

year, passing through that little city, on their way to see the scenic beauties of Waterton Lakes, and the National Glacier Parks near by, pause at the gates of the "Mormon" temple, and read these lines. These verses furnish food for thought for the wisest heads, but to none was this poem more impressive than to the band of Church members and missionaries of the Northwestern States mission who recently went to Cardston that they might renew their covenants, and obtain their blessings in this temple of God.

The temple workers and the Cardston citizens greeted the travel-worn Caravan from the mission most graciously, and hosts of the occasion opened their hearts and their homes to their guests. The first division of the Caravan arrived in Cardston from Montana on the evening of July 10, and the next two days 150 Saints and 15 missionaries from Montana, among whom were 66 representatives from the little farming community of Bynum alone, spent every available hour in the temple. The following week 94 Saints and 54 missionaries from the western division of the mission spent two days in that house. In each case a rich outpouring of the Spirit of God, with manifestations of healing and prophecy, was enjoyed.

Just at the close of the visit of the Montana division of the Caravan, Cardston was honored by the visit of the king's representative, the Governor General of Canada, Lord Willingdon, and his lady, who came to this part of Canada expressly for the purpose of seeing the "Mormon" temple. Lord Willingdon is tall and dignified, and Lady Willingdon is most charming and vivacious. Both were much impressed by the hospitality of the people and by the sentiment expressed in Brother Whitney's poem. Lord Willingdon, speaking informally to some of the Church members, said: "The greatest thing in this world is the living of a clean and wholesome life."

The temple, in its dignity and

beauty, looms like a lovely monument above the surroundings, as the ideals it represents stand out above the drabness of our daily lives. It is a symbol of heaven, and gives to all who seek understanding, a perfect assurance of God's nearness and his love for his children, a new vision of the purpose of life, and a determination to live for the priceless gifts of eternity. There the cares and petty problems which shadow our days drop from us like a tarnished cloak, and we bask in the light of newness of life.

That "sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven" was manifest many times during this visit, for many of the Saints had made great sacrifices to be there; but their compensation was ample in tasting the heavenly joy so freely given. President Wood, at the opening meeting in the assembly room, pointed to the mural paintings of Book of Mormon events and made more explicit their message. To the left the Patriarch Lehi is seen with his family bowed in worship around the sacrificial altar. Above the pulpit is the risen Savior, giving to the assembled Nephites the emblems of his death. To the right, the Prophet Abinadi stands in the dignity of his prophetic office, calling the wicked King Noah and his priests to repentance. The comment he made concerning the lesson depicted by these pictures was, "Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven," but too many blessings, unappreciated, causes men to forget God, and brings upon them his wrath.

Many impressive scenes were witnessed. Parents with their children were, through their faithfulness, joined as a family for all eternity, through the power of the Priesthood. There were 21 husbands and wives sealed to each other and 49 children sealed to their parents. In addition to these living sealings, 83 husbands and wives and 618 children were sealed by proxy for those who have gone before.

A beautiful picture of the altar was that of a wedding ceremony, which



occurred as the culminating event of one of the temple sessions. At the close of the very impressive ceremony, while the couple still had their hands joined in the covenant of marriage, the group were asked by President Wood to bow their heads, and sing softly the words of the first verse of "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," with emphasis placed on the last two lines of the song, "We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee and love to obey Thy command." It was there made clear that the blessings of God are predicated upon faithfulness and obedience to his commandments and a new beauty and a deeper significance became associated with the ceremony for all those who witnessed it.

Peter, standing overwhelmed with the glorified Lord on the mount of transfiguration, exclaimed from the depths of a grateful heart, "Master, it is good to be here!" During the entire period spent in this temple, everyone repeated Peter's glad expression, "It is good to be here." In the closing temple session, President Sloan of the mission and President Wood of the temple addressed the group assembled. President Sloan's message was to his missionaries, and especially to those five girls just released, and his beautiful blessing and his warning to keep sacred the covenants made, his expression of love and trust in them was followed by powerful testimony, "I know that God lives, that Joseph Smith is the chosen vessel to bring forth this Latter-day Gospel, that this is God's work, and this temple is his holy house." President Wood brought the meeting to a fitting climax with the words, "The Lord has reiterated the promise made to Solomon in the temple of old, when he said, 'I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me; I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there forever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually.' He promised those assembled that if they would pray in the

temple that night for their heart's righteous desires, either for self or loved ones, in faith, believing, God would hear them, that holy messengers would bear the petitions to him and he would grant the fulfillment of their prayers."

As a result of that Caravan, 3,007 ordinances were performed, and the spirit of temple work has permeated every branch in the entire mission. The greater vision and understanding given to the men and women there will alter lives and hallow and bless many homes. And this second annual caravan has paved the way for future caravans to this and to other temples in the years to come.

Following is the Second Annual Temple Caravan Song, written especially for the Mission Temple Caravan by Linda S. Fletcher and sung by the missionary chorus in several of the meetings at the temple:

(Tune: "Ye simple souls who stray," by Evan Stephens, *Songs of Zion*, page 116.)

Ye heav'nly hosts draw near!  
Our Father, gracious, kind,  
To Thee we bow in humble prayer—  
Unite us, heart and mind.  
Here, in Thy Holy House—  
A Caravan of Love—  
We ask that Thou on us bestow  
Thy Spirit from above.

We, on Mount Zion bright,  
Saviors of men would be,  
When Christ again on earth appears,  
In pow'r and majesty.  
Grant us a harvest rich—  
Bright sheaves of precious souls—  
As publishers of Light and Peace,  
While on Thy kingdom rolls.

Elijah's spirit, now  
Abroad throughout the land,  
Hath touched the hearts, the spirits stirred,  
Of this, our humble band.  
We, with our dead, would be  
A mighty, linked chain,  
In Thy Great Day, when—Earth re-  
deemed—  
Our King shall rule and reign!



# EDITOR'S TABLE

## IS THERE A REMEDY?

Law enforcement officers are human. Being human, they react to external influences as do all other individuals. An officer is likely to wink at minor, and sometimes even at serious, law infractions on the part of one to whom he is under political or other obligation. That is human nature. An alliance, no matter how remote, between enforcement agencies and violators of the law is sure to result in evil. And when officials and criminals actually join together in an unholy partnership, decent citizens must grid themselves for battle.

That time has come. No intelligent person believes that crime could possibly gain the foothold it has in this country were there no collusion between officers and criminals. Unfortunately, honest officers, and there are many of them, suffer under such a statement. But it must not be suppressed on that account. The public must be aroused, for in public sentiment, and there only, lies the power to correct present deplorable conditions. Enforcement officers do their best only when the public insistently demands their best. Conditions are such that this demand should be made and in a tone that will impress the most calloused. Rampant crime flaunts itself in the face of an outraged but apparently helpless citizenry. Men are degraded, women debauched, virtue held up to scorn, honesty ridiculed.

We are not speaking of New York, where graft and other forms of crime are so odorous, nor of Chicago, where recently seven men were lined against a wall in broad day-light, and in a busy part of the city, and shot to death. We have in mind the plight of

our own fair Utah, her hamlets and towns as well as the larger cities, where conditions demand the attention of all upright people.

These conditions were described recently at a joint meeting of the general boards of M. I. A. by George A. Goates, assistant prohibition enforcement officer for this district. Mr. Goates' position gives him an excellent opportunity to know his subject; and he knows it. His startlingly graphic account calls forth the statements herein made.

This does not mean that Utah is worse than other parts of the country, but it does mean that Utah is much worse than it should be.

In Ogden a young man was killed recently, and, while the unpalatable details are not yet fully known, liquor played a conspicuous part in the tragedy. This incident calls attention to the fact that some men, otherwise circumspect and law-abiding, feel justified in having liquor when they attend a convention. They fail to realize that they are contributing to a condition in our nation which is bordering on anarchy, and at the same time are fattening the bank accounts of a low class of criminals, many of them foreigners, and one of whom made profits last year in Salt Lake county amounting to \$69,000.

There is so much graft among public officials that one wonders if good, old-fashioned honesty has ceased to exist.

In order to save a paltry garage bill for a guard at the Utah State prison, a desperate robber and murderer, sentenced to life imprisonment for killing a splendid citizen, was permitted to

come outside the prison walls, and, his job apparently well done, escaped in the car which he had repaired. His partner in the bank robbery, of which the murder was the direct result, was paroled within three years. Attention has already been called in these columns to the fact that eleven men sentenced for rape or an attempt to commit that heinous offense averaged less than two years in the penitentiary.

Mr. Goates reports that he made a request of a prominent man in one of our towns to aid him in tracing an auto suspected of transporting liquor. Though the car in question often passed the gentleman's place of business, he declined to assist. It was, he thought, none of his affair, and why should he mix with the dirty mess? Shortly thereafter his brother came to Mr. Goates with an appalling story. Heartbroken, he explained that the night before, his sixteen-year-old girl came home intoxicated and with much of her clothing torn from her body. It was learned that she had been brought home in the very auto which the officer was trying to trace, an effort in which the girl's uncle declined to participate because he felt it was no concern of his.

It is well for reputable people to remember that the author of the question which has come down through the centuries, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was a murderer.

There are a few hopeful signs on the horizon. Editors in all parts of the United States are insisting that something be done to stem the tide of crime which is sweeping the country. In vigorous language they foreshadow national disaster if there is not an immediate and widespread change.

Newly elected judges in Salt Lake City are showing a commendable desire to cooperate with the police by meting out to lawbreakers something more

than a nominal fine. In other localities where laxity exists it is hoped that citizens will insist upon their judges following this example.

Some of the statements made in President Hoover's inaugural address brought joy to the hearts of all who love righteousness. He said in part: "Justice must not fail because the agencies of enforcement are either delinquent or inefficiently organized. To consider these evils, to find their remedy is the most sore necessity of our times. \* \* \* A large responsibility rests directly upon our citizens. There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronized it. We must awake to the fact that this patronage from large numbers of law-abiding citizens is supplying the rewards and stimulating crime. I have been selected by you to execute and enforce the laws of the country. I propose to do so to the extent of my own abilities, but the measure of success that the government shall attain will depend upon the moral support which you, as citizens, extend. The duty of citizens to support the laws of the land is co-equal with the duty of the government to enforce the laws which exist. \* \* \* The worst evil of disregard for some law is that it destroys respect for all law. For our citizens to patronize the violation of a particular law on the ground that they are opposed to it is destructive of the very basis of all that protection of life, of homes and property which they rightly claim under other laws."

The power to remedy undesirable conditions herein mentioned is, ultimately, in the hands of the public. If voters will actually stand for law and for the officers who enforce it, and refuse to stand for officers who, either through indifference or inefficiency, do not enforce it, we shall soon see an improvement.—C.



# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS



*Matters in this department pertaining to the Melchizedek Priesthood are prepared under direction of the Council of the Twelve; those pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood under direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

## SUGGESTIONS FOR MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD QUORUM COMMITTEES

January 22, 1929.

To the Presidencies of Quorums.

Dear Brethren:

It is taken for granted that you have by this time appointed members of your quorums (or groups) to serve on the following four standing committees:

Personal Welfare.

Class Instruction.

Church Service.

Miscellaneous.

As already stated in the Guide, much of the success of the quorum or group depends upon the intelligent and efficient activity of these committees. As heretofore recommended, the reports of these committees should be submitted in writing and recommendation therein made should be acted upon promptly by the presiding officers and members of the respective quorums or groups. The following suggestive or illustrative reports are merely indicative

of the field of activity in which these committees should function. They do not purport to be applicable to all cases or even any particular quorum, but they will serve as samples of written reports, one of which should be submitted at each weekly meeting.

It is recommended that each committee be held largely responsible for the program of one meeting each month. It will be necessary, therefore, for members of these committees to advise with the quorum presidency (or group representative) regarding the assignment of members to take part on the program or to perform other service. These assignments should be made from two to four weeks in advance, that those who are to render parts on the program may have ample time for thorough preparation.

Sincerely,

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,

Rudger Clawson,

*President.*

## SUGGESTIVE FORMS AND ITEMS FOR REPORTS

### FIRST MONTH

To the Committees:

You will please note that the first suggestive reports are given in detail as to form of address, signatures, etc. The other three, to appear in subsequent numbers of the *Era*, will give only suggestive items for reports.

All your reports, however, should follow substantially the first suggestive forms, and should be signed by each member of the committee making it.

Members to whom will be assigned subjects to be presented and other activity to be performed should be given ample notification of such assignments in order to promote thorough preparation. However, before making these assignments, always consult with the presidency of your quorum, or with the representative of your group.

Note: All members of committees should sign. Reports should be filed in quorum (or group) records.

## COMMITTEE ON CLASS INSTRUCTION

President (or Presiding Officer)  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and Fellow Members  
 of \_\_\_\_\_ Quorum (Group)  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Ward \_\_\_\_\_ Stake

Dear Brethren:

The members of the committee have met once each week and discussed matters which properly came before them. Feeling that is the duty of the committee to encourage all members of the quorum to attend the theological study period Sunday mornings, we, the members, have visited and conversed with each member of the quorum to learn his feelings in relation to the class study and the course of lessons in the Gospel Doctrine department. All the brethren expressed the desire to take part in their class exercises with the exception of Elder \_\_\_\_\_, who informed us that he was not interested and felt that he could employ his time to better advantage Sunday mornings. We are reporting his case so that the committee on \_\_\_\_\_ may take up a further labor with him, with the hope that he will be brought to realize his mistake. Elder \_\_\_\_\_ is employed by the street railway and therefore cannot attend regularly. He assured us, however, that he is in full accord with the quorum and the lessons which he is studying, as best he can, at home. We have assisted the instructor in the Gospel Doctrine class by placing the lesson leaflets in the hands of the brethren who have been absent from sessions of the Sunday School.

The following suggestions for the study of the history and doctrine of the Church are hereby submitted, and if adopted, it is recommended by the committee that copies be furnished each member of the quorum with instructions that they be preserved and carefully considered as a guide in the studies of the quorum.

## OBJECTIVES IN THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY AND DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH

1. The Lord in all ages of the world has been willing to give instructions and guidance to the people by revelation if they would receive them.

2. To Adam was the Gospel taught, and by him his children were instructed in a "language which was pure and undefiled," and it was the purpose of the Lord that these teachings, with additional instruction, be given from generation to generation that the people might walk in the truth.

3. It was through transgression and apostasy that the knowledge of the Gospel was lost by the people.

4. The Lord has been under the necessity, from time to time, of restoring the truth, after its rejection by the people.

5. The Lord has spoken in all dispensations through his servants, the prophets, and records have been kept by divine commandment. These records are known as scripture. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price, are scripture. These books are the standards in doctrine for the Church.

6. In the teaching of the principles of the Gospel and the history of the Church, the teacher should both know his subject and be converted to its truth.

7. Without the influence of the Holy Ghost, no teacher is qualified to teach.

8. Faith in the principles of the Gospel and the doctrines of the Church are worth far more than scholastic training. Such training, without faith and conviction in these principles, is destructive of faith in the hearts of those who are taught.

9. Faith in God, in the atonement of Jesus Christ, in the mission of Jo-

seph Smith as a prophet and restorer of divine truth, is essential to full fellowship in the Church.

10. Every incident bearing on the divinity of Jesus Christ should be sought for in the study of the history and doctrine of the Church.

11. Every incident bearing on the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith should be sought for in the study of the history and doctrines of the Church.

12. Joseph Smith, as a restorer, received the keys of—

- a. The gathering of Israel.
- b. Elijah's Priesthood.
- c. The Dispensation of Abraham.
- d. All dispensations from Adam to the Fulness of Times. (Doc. and Cov. 128:19, 21; Eph. 1:10.)

13. The revelation of Joseph Smith anticipated the discoveries of science. (Example: Doc. and Cov. 88:34-45, and Sec. 89.)

14. Some of the prophecies of Jo-

seph Smith have been fulfilled. (Example: Doc. and Cov. Sec. 87.)

15. Students should be encouraged to confirm the doctrines of the Church and the facts of history through their own observance, faith, and direction by the Spirit of the Lord. Remember the Savior said: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

The committee did not feel to assign any topic for discussion for this meeting, thinking that the time would be fully taken in a discussion of the matter here presented. It is the purpose of the committee, however, to choose, with the approval of the proper authorities, topics to be discussed each month; these topics to have a bearing on the teachings of the Church and the duties of its members.

Respectfully submitted,

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COMMITTEE ON CHURCH SERVICE

President (or Presiding Officer)  
-----and Fellow Members  
of -----Quorum (Group)  
-----Ward -----Stake

Dear Brethren:

We beg to report that since our appointment we have held ----- meetings of the committee; that we have formulated plans for ----- month's work and have submitted the plans to the president of our quorum (or presiding officer of our group), and have obtained his approval thereof. The ----- Tuesday evening meeting in each month has been designated as the period for which our committee is to make its report to the quorum (or group) and carry forward activities which have been assigned to us.

We have prepared for this, our first report, a discussion on our general field of endeavor, *Church Service*. The

topics in this discussion have been assigned to members of the committee (or ----- members of the quorum or group) as follows:

I. The value of Church activity in promoting the spiritual, moral and educational development of the individual.

- a. The need of religious exercise.
    - 1. Competition with secular demands.
  - b. Illustrations of those who have developed through religious exercise, and illustrations of those who have perished spiritually for want of it.
  - c. Brief discussion of the principle of eternal progression. (See *Teachings of Joseph Smith, Discourses of Brigham Young.*)  
By ----- (7 minutes.)
- II. Service as a Christian virtue.
- a. Doctrine of altruism.



1. Exemplified in Christ's ministry.
  - b. Kinds of service.
    1. Secular service through professions, vocations.
    2. Religious service. Its comparative value and vitality.
- By \_\_\_\_\_ (7 minutes.)
- III. The Church as an instrument of service.
- a. Created and maintained for man.
  - b. Every organization and every department efficient only as it meets human requirements.
- By \_\_\_\_\_ (5 minutes.)
- IV. Priesthood essentially an instrument of service.
- a. A condemnation rather than a

blessing to him who receives the power and fails to use it. (See Doctrine and Covenants.)

By \_\_\_\_\_ (5 minutes.)

We recommend: First, that the quorum (or group) authorize us to make a survey of quorum members to ascertain the present Church service of every member of the quorum; second, that the quorum (or group) place itself on record in a resolution to increase the efficiency and extent of service rendered by the quorum (or group) and its members within the organizations of the Church.

Respectfully submitted,

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

# COMMITTEE ON MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITY

President (or Presiding Officer)  
\_\_\_\_\_ and Fellow Members  
of \_\_\_\_\_ Quorum (Group)  
\_\_\_\_\_ Ward \_\_\_\_\_ Stake

Dear Brethren:

Your Committee recommends that a social dinner be given for the members of the quorum living in the ward and their wives on the evening of \_\_\_\_\_.

A Committee consisting of some of the members of the quorum and their wives have agreed to take over the responsibility of preparing the dinner. This social evening will help to bring a spirit of fraternity among the members of the quorum and also wives of the members.

It is desired, as a result of this dinner, that the expenses of the quorum of this ward be taken care of for the year. It is therefore proposed that each member of the quorum pay \$\_\_\_\_\_ for this dinner and that amount will finance the dinner as well as pay the members' portion of the expense of maintaining the quorum during the year.

We recommend that during the din-

ner the following program be rendered, and Brother \_\_\_\_\_ serve as toastmaster:

Group Singing.

Short address of welcome by leader of group and introduction of toastmaster.

Toast—member of quorum—My most interesting missionary experience.

Toast—member of quorum—How my wife and I financed my mission.

Toast—wife of member of quorum—What a wife can do to help her husband magnify his calling in the Priesthood.

Song—either member of quorum or a sister.

Toast—member of quorum—The outstanding fraternal service of the quorum.

Reading—wife of member.

Toast—member of quorum—The most satisfying experience members of the quorum have had in home missionary work.

Toast—member of quorum—What can this quorum do for its members.

Group Singing.

Intellectual games or dancing to follow.

Respectfully submitted,

Committee.

#### COMMITTEE ON PERSONAL WELFARE

President (or Presiding Officer)  
and Fellow Members  
of \_\_\_\_\_ Quorum (Group)  
\_\_\_\_\_ Ward \_\_\_\_\_ Stake  
Dear Brethren:

In accordance with instructions given, your committee on Personal Welfare respectfully recommends that the following suggestions be adopted as general ideals for the guidance of the members of the quorum:

1. That every member strive earnestly and persistently to have the quorum achieve a high degree of efficiency in the observance of the Word of Wisdom.

2. That at least fifteen minutes a day be devoted to intellectual activity. This may consist of a study of the principles of the Gospel as set forth in the standard works of the Church; of reading articles in standard magazines; of studying the writings of worthy

authors; or of participating in religious, literary or scientific gathering.

3. That we strive to make our homes places of comfort and delight to those who dwell therein.

4. That the moral and ethical principles named in the 13th Article of Faith be accepted as our guide in daily conduct.

5. That each member of this quorum (or group) express his willingness to undertake the achievement of these worthy ideals.

6. That immediate opportunity may be furnished for this expression, your committee further suggests that every member not present at this meeting be visited during the following week.

Respectfully submitted,

#### AARONIC PRIESTHOOD ASSIGNMENTS

In a letter received by the Presiding Bishopric from the chairman of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of one of the stakes, some questions are asked regarding the meaning of "assignments."

In order to clarify any doubt as to the understanding of this important part of the Aaronic Priesthood work we are presenting the answer herewith:

An assignment is intended to mean an appointment to fulfill any duty in the various grades of the Aaronic Priesthood which members are authorized to perform. Attendance at Sunday School and sacramental meeting is not considered an assignment in this sense. It is expected, of course, that all members of the Aaronic Priesthood will attend sacramental meeting regu-

larly, as well as the Sunday School.

In case a Deacon is assigned to pass the sacrament or offer prayer the next Sunday and does not come, and another Deacon on that day is asked to take that part, the Deacon who fulfills the assignment should be credited on the roll book in the proper place with having fulfilled it. The Deacon who was assigned to that duty, but did not perform it, should have the record made under his name in the roll book that he was assigned thereto, but did not fill the assignment. Of course, the desirable and important thing is that the supervisors shall check with the boys and endeavor to see to it that they appreciate the importance of fulfilling these responsibilities, unless there is some justifiable reason for their being

excused. In other words, we are endeavoring to train the boys in a sense of appreciation of responsibility in the performance of these important duties. Unless there is good reason why the duties cannot be fulfilled, they should sense the importance of performing them promptly and willingly. If there is good reason why they cannot perform them, they should be trained so to advise the supervisors enough in advance of the date for the fulfillment of the assignment to permit the appointment of someone else.

It might be possible for a boy to fill more than one assignment in a week. For instance, a Deacon who is assigned to pass the sacrament might also serve as a messenger for the Bishop. But it is preferable that, if possible, every boy be given some duty to perform each week rather than to have a smaller number performing more than one assignment. The results desired are to

bring into systematic activity and interest every member of the Aaronic Priesthood.

There are a number of duties that can be performed by the members of the various grades of the Priesthood that are not being assigned to them as yet in many wards throughout the Church, which would furnish fine training and development for these young men, and also promote better order and discipline in meetings. Such duties, for instance, as acting as ushers, doorkeepers, messenger for the Bishop, etc., not only in sacramental meeting but also in Sunday School and other organizations are part of their work and in harmony with good practice. Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood should perform every duty appropriate to his office during his training in that office preparatory to advancement in the Priesthood.

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## AARONIC PRIESTHOOD CENTENARY CELEBRATION

### INSTRUCTION AND SUGGESTED PROGRAM

On May 15, 1929, it will have been one hundred years since the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood in this dispensation. It is, therefore, very appropriate that special exercises be held in commemoration thereof, and that careful and thorough preparation be made for the same. As the actual anniversary (May 15) occurs on a week day, it is suggested that there be (1) a religious celebration on Sunday, May 12, in the Sunday Schools and sacramental meetings, and (2) a pageant and social gathering on Tuesday, May 14, in lieu of the Priesthood-M. I. A. meeting.

For the Sunday (May 12) sacramental meeting the following suggestions are made: All parts of the program, if possible, should be taken by members of the Aaronic Priesthood. All quorums should be seated together, preferably on stand. Try to get every

member of each quorum present. Let any older members sit where they desire. All members wear, if practicable, white shirts and dark bow ties. Preferably dark suits. All members neat and trim. Appoint *at once* a qualified and interested musician to teach the quorums the following songs: Sacramental—"There is a Green Hill Far Away," or "Down by the River's Verdant Side," "Who's on the Lord's Side?" "We are all Enlisted," or "Hope of Israel." Teach these songs in two or four parts. If desired, a deacons' chorus could sing one or more songs, and a teachers' or priests' chorus other songs.

Appoint the supervisors to train those who speak or pray, to speak slowly and distinctly. Begin all preparations at once. Have priests, teachers, or deacons trained and appointed to act as ushers and doorkeepers. They



should welcome the people, conduct them to suitable seats, and maintain quiet and order. Plan administration of sacrament so that it shall be solemn and dignified. Have every detail thought out and arranged in advance. If possible have string orchestra of Priesthood members and others to play preliminary music and during sacrament. Every member should take some part either as presiding officers, organist, chorister, ushers, doorkeepers, administering sacrament, on program or in chorus. The program herein suggested may be varied as desired. There is no desire to take away the initiative of the stake and ward officers. The important thing is to make this celebration as impressive and interesting as possible.

#### SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1929

- (a) *Sunday School*—Suggestions should be obtained from General Sunday School Union Board. It is desired that the members of the Aaronic Priesthood be recognized as far as possible in the Sunday School exercises, such as praying, speaking, sacrament, ushers, doorkeepers, etc.
- (b) *Sacramental Meeting*—Suggested Program:  
 (Services to be conducted by a priest with two assistants under direction of Bishopric.)  
 Preliminary music.  
 Announcements.  
 Opening song—"Nearer, my God, to Thee," by congregation.  
 Prayer.  
 Sacramental song, by Priesthood chorus.  
 Address, "The sacrament," by a priest (3 min.).  
 Administration of sacrament.  
 Tribute—"Our mothers," by a Priest, Teacher or Deacon (3 min.).  
 (Have all members of the Aaronic Priesthood stand while the tribute is being given.)

Song—"Little Mother of Mine," solo or chorus.

Address, "Why I Observe the Principle of Tithing," by a Priest (3 min.).

(1)—General Subject—"Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood."

(a) "The Hour," by a Deacon (2 min.).

(b) "The Man," by a Deacon (2 min.).

(c) "The Event," by a Teacher (2 min.).

(d) "The Results," by a Teacher (3 min.).

(e) "The Future," by a Priest (3 min.).

Instrumental or choral music.

(2)—General Subject—"Responsibility of the Priesthood."

(a) "To watch over the Church," by a Teacher (4 min.).

(b) "To administer in the Preparatory Gospel," by a Priest (4 min.).

Song or instrumental music.

"Plans for more extensive Aaronic Priesthood activity," by Bishop (10 min.).

Song, by Priesthood chorus.

Benediction.

Program should not exceed 1½ hours.

#### TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1929

*The Presiding Bishopric and General Boards of M. I. A. Cooperating:*

In lieu of the regular Priesthood-M. I. A. meeting it is requested that the evening be devoted to a celebration of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood with a special program and social gathering. The suggested program is briefly as follows:

Opening Exercises (Including Priesthood choruses, solos, appropriate readings, etc.)

Pageant—"The Aaronic Priesthood."

Tableaux or demonstrations (about 5 minutes each).

- (a) "Fraternal work."
  - (b) The Deacon in Scout work.
  - (c) The Teacher in Vanguard work.
  - (d) The Priest in M Men's work.
- Closing exercises.  
Light refreshments.  
Dancing or social activities.

It is suggested that the details of this program be worked out with the cooperation of the ward M. I. A. officers. The program may be varied as desired, keeping in mind the main theme. Appropriate musical or other numbers may be interspersed between the features here suggested.

The pageant, "The Aaronic Priest-

hood," is available at the Presiding Bishop's Office.

The program should be planned to occupy about 1½ hours.

Sub-committees could be appointed for each of the tableaux or demonstrations. The efforts should be made to present the ideas in as original and finished way as possible.

Light refreshments may be provided by a suitable committee.

Whether the diversion be dancing or social activities it should be carefully planned and carried out in conformity with high standards.

All members of the Priesthood-M. I. A. and adult members of the ward should be invited to attend this gathering.

## ADDRESS ON PRIESTHOOD

BY ROBERT A. CLARKE, A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY OF AMERICAN FORK

[The only help given this young man in the preparation of this address was by his sister who is a student of the B. Y. U.—*The Editors.*]

The subject of my discussion for this evening is: "How Priesthood training qualifies men for life."

Before we can say how a Priesthood training would qualify men for life, we must first state the qualifications by which men are measured.

These are: that they are good citizens, good neighbors and that they are successful. By success we do not mean that a man must have a large amount of wealth in money or property, because a man may have acquired these earthly gains and yet he may not be successful.

We might define success as building a good character, to be loving, honest, merciful, fair-minded, truthful and kind. To be rated as a success, a man must have encountered obstacles and overcome them in an ethical way. His laurels must be honorably won. He

must be a type of man who can say, "I will not condemn in others that which I condone in myself."

When studying the lives of men who may be really considered as successful and when we determine the factors which have promoted their success, the consensus of opinion is that habit formation in youth is the greatest factor toward starting a man on the high-road to happiness or leading him into the shadowy paths of crime and dishonor.

"As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined," is a true maxim. From the day of our birth, we are performing actions which leave their eternal imprint upon our body and souls. Someone has said that some men should be hung merely on the testimony written in their own faces, and as our daily thoughts and actions leave their imprint on our faces, so also do they affect our will, our morals, and our ambitions.

Desires, ambitions and intentions are the raw materials of individual

character, but the real fabric is habit. To change a habit is to change oneself. To form a good habit is to uplift oneself; to form a bad habit is to deform oneself. Habit is activity worked into active life. Habit is indeed a powerful factor in our development, and the great need of civilization is to train the youth in habits of clean living and right thinking, in habits of honesty, dependability, and industry.

In forming and strengthening these desirable habits, the Priesthood training given to the young manhood of Latter-day Saints has a vital place.

Boys enter the Priesthood at a very critical period in their lives; they are at the stage where the ideals formed and the habits established make a permanent impression. Boys receive the Priesthood at the age of twelve, and if they perform their duties in an industrious manner, it develops the finer side of their characters. It tends to bring out the desirable qualities which, in very many of our young men, would otherwise remain dormant.

One of the first things acquired by Priesthood training is the habit of punctuality, and along with punctuality, dependability. The structure of all successful endeavor rests largely upon these two habits. The person who punctually keeps all appointments and whose thorough preparation for leadership may be relied upon, is the person who forges ahead.

Priesthood training develops these qualities by assigning duties to its members and leaving it to their own initiative to find ways and means of accomplishing this assignment. For example, the Bishop may assign a young man to administer the sacrament in Sunday School and other meetings during Sunday services. He leaves it to the boy to be at the meeting prepared to perform his duties acceptably and punctually.

Another very important phase of man's character which Priesthood training develops is initiative. Pro-

gress is founded on man's initiative. We never would have developed the luxuries or even the necessities of modern civilization if everyone had followed in the footsteps of his ancestors, afraid to step from the beaten path or advance a theory of his own. Where would be our great artists, writers, poets, and philosophers if they had not possessed the courage to give their new ideas to an incredulous world. Only by developing within a boy the ability intelligently to think and reason, the power to accomplish distasteful tasks, to decide questions of right and wrong himself, will a boy ever develop the great quality of leadership which will make him a man among men.

In Priesthood training a boy is given the chance to develop this side of his character. At first he is assigned small duties; he is allowed to express his own thoughts and theories in small ways. As he advances in his work, he is assigned harder and more important duties, and his responsibility increases. He is asked to prepare lessons, and speeches, conduct meetings and take charge of Church assignments. All these duties are splendid developers of a man's initiative and leadership. Priesthood training also develops a respect for older persons, for sacred places, for religion, and for God. One writer has said, "Show me a man whose nature is imbued with respect, and there you will find a nature that is in tune with God." On the other hand, the reason, perhaps, that most prisoners are in penal servitude, is because of lack of respect for another's rights, for law, and for God. To know the truth is to respect it and to gain the respect of other men by virtue of that knowledge.

Priesthood training gives a knowledge of the Gospel to its members that is of inestimable value and which cannot be gained in any other way. It has been the foundation of all successful missions, and has developed and made great our religious leaders. In Priesthood, a young man's life is enriched



and broadened by discussions of the lives of our leaders in the Church—past and present. Individuals are encouraged to express their own opinions, and in this way they gain self-confidence, which is the first step toward self-mastery. In this way, too, they grow in a knowledge of the Gospel. Who could hope to be a master of words, of music, of literature, or indeed a master of men, until he has first mastered the most rebellious subject of all—himself? Until one is able truly to say, "I will think only clean and uplifting thoughts, I will harbor no hatred or envy of my neighbor, I will overcome unworthy desires," self-mastery does not exist.

The whole training received in Priesthood leads to self-mastery. A man cannot desire higher things until he becomes acquainted with their existence. Priesthood training makes for good citizenship because it helps the boy to lead a clean life; it makes better sons, husbands and fathers, because it encourages obedience, willingness, kindness, and straight-forwardness. It promotes honesty and morality. Priesthood training is a large factor in influencing community morals. The standards of a community are determined by the standards of the majority of its members; and

young men who are active in Priesthood work, who enter into its spiritual activity whole-heartedly, are an influence for good in any community. Association is probably one of the most important things a Priesthood training furnishes. The members of the Priesthood are drawn together with a common purpose in mind. This purpose is to develop good, clean, wholesome thought and to avoid light words and maudlin laughter. There is something in every normal man that craves the association of his fellow-men. The Priesthood furnishes such association and thereby provides the spiritual communion and the broadening education which result from a friendly and united search for truth. At Priesthood gatherings we have a chance to meet our spiritual equals and by partaking of the spirit of the meeting we are better able to go forth to battle against darkness by having seen the light. As Latter-day Saints we have the opportunity of this Priesthood training which is destined to develop all the finer qualities of noble men. In appreciation of this opportunity we should endeavor to become more faithful in attendance, more painstaking in our activities, and strive for a better and bigger Priesthood work in the year 1929.

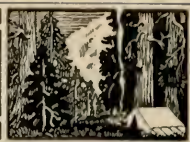
## CONVERSION

TO ELDER F. A. J.

I've longed for something, thinking thoughts of God,  
Yet saying, "No, I doubt that He could be,  
For, oh, so purposeless life seems to me!  
I know not if I'll rise from out the sod  
When I have left the path of life I've trod."  
And so, I wondered, feeling lost; but He  
Knew my sad yearning, my faint hope to see  
A truth revealed. Yet, I would scoff and nod  
At corner-preachers telling of the Light.  
And then you came. Your message seemed so true  
That doubts all fled, bright day supplanted night.  
I could believe! The Gospel, taught by you,  
Has shown me life's meaning, and at last  
I've found true joy, my faith in God steadfast.



# MUTUAL WORK



## EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

### CHANGES IN THE GENERAL BOARD

At a meeting of the general board of the Y. M. M. I. A., held March 13, Superintendent George Albert Smith explained that it had become necessary to release some board members. Among these were men who had devoted a large part of their lives to M. I. A. work, in ward or stake or Church organizations. This action was taken regretfully, because through years of association a deep love has grown up among these brethren. It is not easy to sever relationships thus formed. However, circumstances made it advisable to release, honorably and with sincere appreciation for their assistance in the past, a number of faithful workers. Several of these have moved away from Utah; others are engaged as mission presidents or in other work which prevents them from giving the necessary time to board duties. Those released are: Brigham H. Roberts, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. Mc Murrin, Benjamin Goddard, Charles H. Hart, James H. Anderson, Moroni Snow, Claude Richards, Levi Edgar Young, Preston D. Richards, B. Cecil Gates, Preston Nibley, Claude C. Cornwall.

The following brethren now constitute the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A.:

George Albert Smith	General Superintendent
Richard R. Lyman	First Assistant
Melvin J. Ballard	Second Assistant
Oscar A. Kirkham	Executive Secretary
Alma H. Pittegrewe	Corresponding Secretary
W. O. Robinson	Field Secretary
O. B. Peterson	Treasurer
J. Spencer Cornwall	Music Director

### GENERAL BOARD MEMBERS

Junius F. Wells	Ephraim E. Erickson
George H. Brimhall	George Q. Morris
Thomas Hull	W. O. Robinson
Le Roi C. Snow	J. Reuben Clark
Lewis T. Cannon	Franklin S. Harris
John A. Widtsoe	George R. Hill
Oscar A. Kirkham	Joseph R. Merrill
John H. Taylor	Herbert B. Maw
Hyrum G. Smith	Charles R. Mabey
Nicholas G. Morgan	Hugh J. Cannon
John F. Bowman	Don C. Wood
Ernest P. Horsley	John D. Giles
Arthur L. Beeley	Alma C. Clayton
German E. Ellsworth	L. L. Daines
James Gunn Mc Kay	Oscar W. Carlson
Thomas A. Beal	Stringam A. Stevens
Nicholas G. Smith	Joseph F. Smith, III
Axel A. Madsen	Homer C. Warner
Heber C. Iverson	J. Spencer Cornwall

The nine brethren last named in the foregoing list have been chosen board members to take the places of those just released.

## SUNDAY EVENING CONJOINT PROGRAM

May, 1929

General Theme: We Should See and Enjoy the Beauties of Nature

### ON MAY MORNING

"Now the bright morning star, day's har-binger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from the green lap throws

The yellow Cowslip and the pale Prim-rose.

"Hail bounteous May! thou dost inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
"Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

—Milton.

Address: 15 minutes.

- I. History of May-day celebrations.
  - a. Festival in honor of Maia, the mother of Mercury.
    1. Milkmaids' festival.
    2. Chimney sweepers' festival.
    3. Moorish dance.
  - b. The May-pole.
    1. Origin in Ostia.
    2. Ceremonies in England.
  - c. Queen of the May.
    1. Ceremony in England.

Suggested reading:

*Corinna's Going a-Maying.* Robert Herrick.

Address: 10 Minutes.

- I. We can more fully enjoy the beauties of Nature—
  - a. By keener observation.
  - b. Selective reading during leisure time.
    1. Study of John Burroughs' activities.
    2. Study of Luther Burbank's activities.
    3. Study of poetry.
      - a. Nature and the month of May are favorite topics of our master poets.

Address: 10 minutes.

- I. The value educationally derived from a close study of nature.
  - a. Mysteries of creation are revealed.
  - b. Aesthetic beauty is revealed.
  - c. A deeper appreciation of God's goodness to man is developed.

Reading: "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Wadsworth, verses 5-6.

General references on May Day.

- I. *Manners, Customs, and Observances*, by Wagner, p. 256-260.
- II. *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, by Brand, p. 117-162.
- III. *British Popular Customs*, by Dyer, p. 223-273.
- IV. Encyclopedia Britannica under:
  1. May Day.
  - May Dance.
  - Maia Roman Goddess.
  - Flora Roman Goddess.
  - Flower dance.
  - Flowers, national and symbolic.

Slogan:

Reference: 12th Article of Faith.

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

#### SUGGESTED MUSIC

Anthem, for mixed voices with soprano and bass solos.

How Beautiful Upon the Mountains—J. Lamont Galbraith. No. 12, 750—Oliver Ditson Company. 12c.

Thank God For A Garden, for mixed voices.

No. 2043—Chappel-Harms, Inc., 185 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 15c.

Greeting to Spring—Johann Strauss. (Tune, Blue Danube Waltz)

Mixed voices—No. 11,187—Oliver Ditson Co., New York. 20c.

May—Chas. Huerter. Mixed voices or three part women's.

No. 13,670—Oliver Ditson Co., New York. 10c.

Our Mountain Home So Dear—Evan Stephens.

## ADULT DEPARTMENT

### THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

BY HARRY A. FRANCK

REVIEWED BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS

None of us can hope to see more than a few of the many lands or to



mingle personally with a large number of the peoples who inhabit the earth. We must, therefore, get most of our knowledge of far-away places and peoples from those who have the privilege of traveling and the genius to make us understand what they have seen. Many who visit strange places get distorted ideas of what they see. They observe only the strangeness of garb, the unusual customs, or the monstrosities. Only a few of those who travel are able to see things in true perspective and record what they see faithfully.

Those of us who want to get a true picture of foreign parts are therefore anxious to know just how reliable a book on such a subject is. We want to know the kind of eyes out of which the author looks.

Harry A. Franck, author of *The Fringe of the Moslem World*, is well known to most readers of travel books. During the last eighteen years he has written thirteen good-sized volumes on travel, besides a number of geographical readers. His first book to fall into my hands was *Tramping through Mexico, Guatamala and Honduras*. This volume was so vivid in description of scenes I knew well that I at once put the author on my list of those I had time to read. Since then I have followed him through thousands of pages of print and incidentally I have had a fairly good opportunity to check up on him.

I am more or less familiar with the places he describes in the following books, in addition to the one already mentioned and the one which is now being reviewed: *A Vagabond Journey Around the World*, *Four Months Afoot in Spain*, *Vagabonding through Changing Germany*, *Wandering in Northern China*, *Glimpses at Japan and Formosa*, *Roaming in Southern China*, and *East of Siam*.

In all of these, the printed page is an unusually true and vivid description of what I saw in my travels. In fact, I know of no writer who tells the story better.

Frank G. Carpenter, who has been so well known as a travel writer for a generation, had a striking way of making the reader see a foreign country by giving comparisons with things at home. Carpenter, however, dealt more with generalities. He described governments and cities, but gave us scant information about the common people. He always traveled first class and stayed at the best hotels. He met the aristocracy and government officials, but one never felt that he had rubbed shoulders with the masses. He saw the world, but he gives one the impression that he secured his facts through field glasses which enabled him to see the countries from a sufficient distance to avoid the common, everyday things which one is likely to encounter if one comes close enough to feel as well as to see.

Franck, on the other hand, has always been willing to pay whatever penalty of inconvenience and lack of comfort is necessary to get at the very heart of the common people in lands where he has traveled. His writings are saturated with local atmosphere which is not always devoid of stench, but one must not expect the perfume of roses in a pig sty.

*The Fringe of the Moslem World* deals with Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Turkey since the war. The book is full of the problems of reconstruction, since all of these countries have been greatly changed as a direct or indirect result of the great conflict. Franck is able to show what this change has been since he visited these places twenty years before the visit which he here describes. One of the chief values of this book is the comparison which it makes between the old and the new, not only in politics but also in attitudes of people. It makes us realize how very much the world can move on in a score of years.

I passed through the lands described in this book five or six months ahead of Mr. Franck, and while my impressions were not always the same as his, I am thrilled at his account of these

places which have meant so much in the background of what we all hold dear.

Egypt, the land of beginnings and the treasure house of so many things of interest; Palestine, of which we learned at our mothers' knee and which we still hold in special reverence; Syria, with its Damascus and Lebanon; and Turkey, with its unsavory past and its unprecedented racing for modern culture these are countries which cannot but challenge our interest, and when we have them described by an observer such as Franck we have a book that is well worth reading.

The author may dwell at too great length on the contentions between factions, but we can forgive him when we realize that the Near-East has been an area of contention since the days of Pharaoh, Abraham, and Ulysses. These parts have been the great crossroads of the civilizations of all the ages, and when we realize that present peoples and structures are the residues of all these crossings and their accompanying subjugations, we can see why, even today, we cannot expect everything to be peaceful.

As the title of the book indicates, these countries and their institutions are essentially Mohammedan—not exactly the same as one finds among the fifty million Mohammedans of India—but nevertheless they are Mohammedan. Jews and Christians are de-

termined to penetrate, and they are having some success, but the change is not nearly so simple as some people suppose. It will require more than a pronouncement from Sir Arthur Balfour to convert Palestine into a home for the Jews, and yet England is doing a much better job in Palestine than France is doing in Syria, as Mr. Franck points out at considerable length.

This book is much more than the ordinary book of travel. It brings us right face to face with what is probably the greatest conflict between the ancient and the modern, and it gives up-to-date and specific information about places in which we have always been interested but about which our ideas are somewhat vague.

If you like a book of this type, I am sure you will enjoy following Mr. Franck through the Near-East.

#### QUESTIONS

1. What are some of your favorite travel books?
2. What value do you get from the study of other lands?
3. Discuss the relation of Egypt to the ancient world.
4. Why are we so much interested in Palestine?
5. What is the difference in the government of Turkey before and since the war?
6. Why is Constantinople such an important city politically?
7. Discuss Mohammedan beliefs.

## COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT

### ADULT AND COMMUNITY ACTIVITY COMMITTEES COOPERATE

The Adult Committee of the General Boards, realizing that some of the work of the Community Activity is of vital interest to the adult membership of the organization, have given two evenings in May over to a discussion of problems of particular interest to both departments—Home Re-

creation, and the book *What Ails Our Youth*. It is hoped that the evening will prove interesting and educational, and that through them both groups will realize that the work of the M. I. A. is for all its members, and not for one little group alone.

The Committees suggest that the

ward Community Activity Committees get in touch with the Adult leaders, planning for the conduct of these evenings in such a way as to insure interest.

The first period should be devoted to a detailed analysis of each subject

and the second to a review and extended discussion of the most interesting phases. It is hoped that the two lessons here suggested will be remembered as outstanding points in the season's program.

READING COURSE BOOK

The book on the reading course which the Community Activity Committee is sponsoring this season is *What Ails Our Youth*, by Geo. A. Coe, of Teacher's College, Columbia University. It is an excellent little volume dealing with the very timely subject of the changes in the relationship between youth and maturity, and suggesting remedial measures in making these changes beneficial to both groups.

The committee has a very limited

opportunity to get this book before the public, as they have no particular group with which to work, and consequently the avenue through which they approach any specific bit of educational work is somewhat indefinite. It is hoped that the Community Activity Committee of each ward have read this thoughtful and thought-provoking book, and have done everything in their power to stimulate interest in it among others of the association.

M MEN DEPARTMENT

M MEN-GLEANER NOTES

Joint Project: We Will Promote the Cultural and Aesthetic Value of the Dance.

A BANQUET

As a suitable event to close the M Men and Gleaner season's work, it is suggested that they hold a banquet in the wards or stake, with both M Men and Gleaners participating. This will give an excellent opportunity to put into practice the principles of etiquette learned during the winter and will also afford an ideal occasion to demonstrate good fellowship and sociability.

The banquet might be followed by a dance, at which time they could also

promote their project—the cultural and aesthetic value of the dance.

This may take the place of the separate banquets by M Men and Gleaners.

FIRST TUESDAY IN MAY

Now that the M Men and Gleaner activity work is completed for the year, the first Tuesday in May could be used profitably in practicing for the public speaking events in the contest. Several M Men and Gleaners could give their addresses at this session.

M MEN BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

BY HOMER C. WARNER, GENERAL DIRECTOR AND ARBITRATOR OF M MEN INTER-DIVISION BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT.

Basketball among M Men had a rather humble beginning. Though

still in its infancy, it has grown to such proportions that it gives promise



were long of becoming the largest basketball league in the world. This may sound like a boastful statement, but with the number now competing, a number which is constantly augmented by recruits from within the Church as well as by boys who are attracted to this group from the outside, it appears that we can soon claim that honor.

It is but a few years since representatives from the Pioneer, Salt Lake, Ensign, Liberty and Granite stakes came together and arranged for the first competitive games. The rules at first were very simple, but through years of experience they have been brought to their present admirable state.

This original group gradually absorbed the other Salt Lake county stakes and the whole was made into a stable and unified association known as the Salt Lake Inter-Stake organization. This group determined its own champion and later invited competition from Ogden, where an or-

ganization along similar lines had been effected, for a final game between the two champions. Logan was next to take up the matter, then Provo, and this year, for the first time, Richfield completed their Inter-Stake organization. Each of these groups adopted rules which conformed to those originally made, and in 1928, representatives from Logan, Ogden, Provo, and Salt Lake adopted the uniform code of rules which not only governed their local stakes, but governed Inter-Division play.

This year has witnessed the greatest activity in M Men basketball in the history of the organization. The Salt Lake division led with 11 stakes competing, Ogden had 9 stakes, Provo 8, Logan 8, and Richfield 8. Each of these stakes completed within its own boundaries a schedule of games to determine the winners, so that the champions won only after a series of hard-fought games within their own stake. Then came Inter-Stake play, where the final winner was crowned, and sent to



WEST JORDAN WARD M MEN BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Silcox, forward; Finlayson, guard; Lancaster, center; Smith, guard; M. Bateman, forward. Back row: Anderson, forward; Cundick forward; Hogan, guard; Egbert, coach; Leak, guard; Bateman, forward; Egbert, center.



LOGAN SEVENTH WARD M MEN BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: W. Scholes, guard and captain; S. Hale, coach; Pratt, forward; Haslam, center. Front row: Matson, guard; Scott, forward; Nelson, guard; Larson, forward.

the Inter-Division tournament in Salt Lake, which was held March 7, 8, and 9.

In this tournament West Jordan and the 20th ward of Salt Lake City represented the Salt Lake Division; from Ogden there were the North Ogden ward and the 17th ward; from the Provo Division came Provo 5th ward and Payson; from Logan, the 7th ward, and from the Richfield Division came Kooshareem ward.

This tournament was particularly successful in the quality of play that was shown. All the games were closely contested, and the type of sportsmanship was excellent. West Jordan was the final winner, and received the Deseret News trophy and the individual gold basket balls for their efforts.

They were real champions. Coach Egbert brought 8 men, among the finest, cleanest-looking chaps that have ever appeared on the Deseret Gymnasium floor. Their unselfish team work won favorable comment from all the spectators, and the fight and determination shown each night finally resulted in their being crowned the winners. The West Jordan ward, the boys and Coach Egbert are to be congratulated on their excellent showing. Logan 7th finished a close second. They, too, presented a very high-grade type of basketball players. Their final night's play was fine, but they were undoubtedly hampered by the fact that they played two extra periods the night previous to eliminate the hard-fighting North Ogden team.



This game, by the way, between North Ogden and Logan 7th was a classic. No better basketball could have been seen in any league. Provo 5th also brought a sturdy bunch of boys to the tournament. They won third place. The 20th ward of Ensign stake won the consolation tournament after losing the first night to Logan. Koosharem, after a rather disastrous first night, when they had a serious case of stage fright, came back and showed the fans why they deserved to be the champions of the Richfield Division. The last two nights they gave a real account of themselves. Payson and Ogden 17th had teams deserving of much praise, but could not stand the terrific pace, and were eliminated the first two nights of the tournament.

Men who have seen all kinds of basketball in Utah in the last fifteen years said that the type of manhood and of play furnished as good an exhibition as they have ever seen.

The teams finished in the following order: West Jordan ward, West Jordan stake, first; Logan 2nd ward, Logan stake, second; Provo 5th ward, Utah

stake, third; Salt Lake City 20th ward, Ensign stake, fourth; North Ogden ward, Ogden stake, fifth; Koosharem ward, Sevier stake, sixth; Ogden 17th ward, Mount Ogden stake, and Payson, Nebo stake, tied for seventh place.

Much of the credit for the successful season should be given to the men who directed this activity in the different districts. They are: L. H. Florence, Ogden; E. N. Larson, Logan; W. L. Warner, Richfield; C. S. Boyle, Provo; Irwin Clawson, Salt Lake.

The Inter-Stake Basketball Committee conducted the Inter-Division tournament in a very efficient manner. These boys are themselves all M Men and deserve much credit for their efficient work. They are: Frank Jonas, Ernest Snyder, Reed Richards, and Allen Brockbank.

Already five thousand young fellows are engaged in this activity, and with the increased interest manifest in all parts of the community, this movement, no doubt, will continue to grow, and it will not be long until an M Men's basketball team is found in every ward of the Church.

## Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT FOR FEBRUARY, 1929

STAKE	Meetings	Organization	Membership	Avg. Attendance	Special Activities	Sunday Evening Joint Session	Leadership Tr. Meetings	Department Work	Improvement Era	Fund	Total Points
Alpine	14	21	15	13	13	10	10	18	10	8	132
Bear River	12	15	11	13	13	8	8	21	11	10	122
Beaver	13	13	10	9	6	8	8	24	9	8	108
Benson	9	12	8	10	9	6	6	13	4	30	107
Box Elder	20	18	13	14	20	10	12	20	13	20	160
Deseret	16	16	17	12	13	9	11	28	8	18	148
East Jordan	15	20	12	13	14	9	12	18	---	9	122
Ensign	20	19	11	13	18	10	10	27	10	10	148
Gunnison	17	21	18	12	20	10	15	40	10	13	176
Kolob	15	15	6	10	14	8	12	12	6	19	117
Lehi	14	16	14	14	10	10	10	10	8	15	121
Liberty	20	21	11	13	20	10	15	34	9	9	162
Logan	13	13	12	11	10	7	8	17	7	9	107



STAKE	Meetings	Organization	Membership	Avg. Attendance	Special Activities	Sunday Evening Joint Session	Leadership Tr. Meetings	Department Work	Improvement Era	Fund	Total Points
Millard	13	15	10	10	8	6	8	18	5	4	97
Mount Ogden	20	18	8	13	16	9	17	30	7	14	152
Nebo	17	16	15	11	12	9	7	24	6	12	129
North Davis	14	16	11	11	16	7	9	23	7	10	124
North Sanpete	17	18	9	14	14	8	8	26	6	8	128
North Sevier	18	19	10	16	13	10	9	26	4	5	130
North Weber	14	14	11	15	9	9	12	17	10	20	131
Ogden	10	11	10	12	10	5	10	18	2	2	90
Oquirrh	9	8	9	4	7	5	3	9	3	6	63
Pioneer	14	16	10	12	14	10	12	21	4	8	121
Roosevelt	9	12	8	13	8	5	4	13	5	10	87
St. George	10	18	14	12	13	10	6	21	9	13	126
Salt Lake	18	20	10	13	17	10	14	30	9	10	151
Sevier	22	21	14	16	20	10	10	32	7	8	160
South Davis	22	20	15	15	20	10	18	37	8	20	185
South Sanpete	20	19	13	15	20	10	10	20	15	---	142
South Sevier	13	10	9	10	11	6	4	18	3	8	92
Timpanogos	15	18	17	17	5	10	12	16	26	23	158
Uintah	14	16	11	13	13	9	9	19	6	9	119
Utah	18	14	7	13	9	7	10	12	7	6	103
Wasatch	10	11	13	7	10	5	5	14	12	10	97
Weber	15	17	10	13	12	10	16	24	7	12	136
Boise	13	12	15	6	12	5	3	15	9	7	97
Cassia	12	14	12	11	3	7	7	15	11	7	99
Fremont	15	18	15	12	17	10	10	27	12	10	146
Idaho	15	20	14	18	14	10	---	20	10	10	131
Idaho Falls	13	13	9	14	16	8	4	17	10	8	112
Minidoka	7	10	6	7	8	5	4	16	7	20	90
Oneida	7	10	6	17	12	7	5	17	11	8	100
Pocatello	21	21	10	10	20	10	10	24	1	30	157
Portneuf	7	11	9	9	8	5	1	9	11	10	80
Rigby	6	8	6	6	4	5	3	8	4	4	54
Shelley	4	8	6	11	2	6	2	10	5	5	58
Twin Falls	7	9	20	15	8	4	7	7	5	7	89
Yellowstone	12	12	11	10	9	7	5	14	5	10	95
Big Horn	18	18	11	13	12	7	8	17	15	17	136
Hollywood	17	15	15	13	13	9	11	17	7	8	125
Los Angeles	15	14	11	19	14	8	10	28	11	15	145
Maricopa	18	19	15	13	19	10	11	28	11	13	159
San Francisco	17	14	12	13	18	10	15	21	21	16	157
Star Valley	8	14	9	12	9	6	5	13	5	10	91
Taylor	14	20	17	12	17	8	9	30	25	11	163
Woodruff	15	18	8	13	10	10	---	15	10	10	109
California Mission	17	13	16	15	14	9	5	18	15	16	138
Central States Mission	3	9	20	13	9	7	1	9	2	14	87
N. W. States Mission	18	16	18	14	14	10	10	23	16	11	150



# CHURCH EVENTS

## *The Closing of Church Schools*

At a meeting of the General Church Board of Education, held February 20, a resolution was passed sustaining the decision of the First Presidency to continue the policy of withdrawing from the field of secular education. Specifically it was determined to withdraw at least two of our schools in Utah on or before the close of the next school year, June, 1930. The reason for these decisions is primarily the inability of the Church to continue the development of seminaries and the adequate support of the Church schools. The First Presidency explained that during several years past the Church had been spending more money than it received. This was possible only by drawing upon the reserves built up during President Smith's administration; but these reserves were now practically exhausted and the policy of spending more than was received could no longer be continued. If the entire membership of the Church paid an honest tithing, the action taken by the Board would not have been unnecessary.

At the meeting above mentioned no consideration was given to the subject as to which schools would be closed at the end of next year, this matter being left over for future consideration. Before determining this question it was deemed wise to await the adjournment of the Utah legislature, which had under consideration a bill for the establishment of junior colleges under public auspices.

The policy that will be continued was begun a number of years ago when Church academies were turned over to the public school systems, and seminaries were established at the high

schools, affording opportunity for the young people of the Church to receive the training in the religious courses that had been given in the academies. The school last closed was the Brigham Young College, in June, 1926. The Board has now given public announcement of its policy of continuing to withdraw from the junior colleges. At present eighty-two public schools are being served by seminaries. This includes the University of Idaho and the Utah Agricultural College.

\* \* \*

Elder Uriah T. Jones, formerly president of the Parowan stake, died on Feb. 13. Bro. Jones was born in Cedar City, Feb 11, 1861, and during his entire life was a devoted member of the Church. He served in various minor local capacities, and later in the bishopric of Cedar City, then as a member of the stake high council. On March 21, 1892, he was set apart as president of the stake, which position he held until Sept. 19, 1909, when he was honorably released.

\* \* \*

Pres. J. Nephi Henrie, second counselor to Pres. William J. Hendersen of the Panguitch stake, died March 2 after an operation for appendicitis. He was ill but a few days. Pres. Henrie was the son of James and Christian Schow Henrie, and was born in Panguitch, Feb. 24, 1881. After going through the grades, he attended the Branch Normal at Cedar City from which institution he graduated, and later attended the University of Utah. Bro. Henrie was a faithful Latter-day Saint, a useful and exemplary member of the community in which he lived. He leaves a wife and ten children.

Elder Charles B. Felt, one of the most useful Sunday School workers in the Church, died March 1, 1929, after a very brief illness. Brother Felt served for years as superintendent of Sunday Schools in the Salt Lake stake, and on June 30, 1908, was made a member of the general board of Sunday Schools. In this capacity and in company with other board members he attended a convention in Payson on Feb. 24 and was taken ill during the drive home.

Brother Felt was unusually rich in constructive ideas. To him as much as to any other man, and perhaps more, is due the credit of introducing systematic courses of lessons into the Sunday Schools. Brother Felt was born Jan 13, 1860.

\* \* \*

Extensive preparations are under way for a suitable program for the Lesser Priesthood from the 12th to the 15th of May. This is to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the visit of the angel who restored this Priesthood to Joseph Smith and

Oliver Cowdery. A Suggested outline of proceedings is found in Priesthood Quorums department in this issue.

\* \* \*

The new \$100,000 chapel, or tabernacle as some designate it, at Portland, Oregon, was opened February 15. Presidents Anthony W. Ivins and Charles W. Nibley went from Salt Lake City to attend the conference and there met Pres. Rudger Clawson, who was traveling in the Northwestern States mission. Mr. Marshall N. Dana, associate editor of the *Portland Journal*, has this to say of the building: "It is my thought that the spiritual materializes itself in the great house of God. This foundation is faith; these walls are prayer; this sheltering roof is hope,—protecting hope; its girders and cross beams are strength and unity; its floors are sacrifice and service. Its architectural beauty is love and joy of living."

A more detailed account of the conference will appear under "Messages from the Missions" next month.

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## APRIL

Wind and Thunder and Light'ning and Rain  
Are met atop the world once again.  
With restless feet, they whirl and they shy,  
Eager to slide down clouds through the sky.

Wind puffs his cheeks; Thunder rumbles and roars;  
Light'ning flashes; Rain laughs till he pours.  
A splitting crash that rends the sky wide,  
Announces the start of their hectic ride.

Ripping the blue with sanguine gashes,  
Light'ning zig-zags, flames, as he lashes,  
The others follow in direful glee,  
Turning the sky into a booming sea.

Wind and Thunder and Light'ning and Rain  
Are playing atop the world again.  
And down below is old Mother Earth,  
Wisely waiting the end of their mirth.



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READY TO GO TO WORK  
Balance in Convenient Terms

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Police Sergeant: "Is the man dangerously wounded?"

Patrolman: "Two of the wounds are fatal, but the other one isn't so bad."

\* \* \* \*

She: "Do you believe in clubs for women?"

He: "Yes, if kindness fails."

\* \* \* \*

"Is your daddy home, sonny?"

"No, sir. He hasn't been home since mother caught Santa Claus kissing the cook."—*Lonely Island Bulletin*.

*Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware*

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**JEWELERS** ✓

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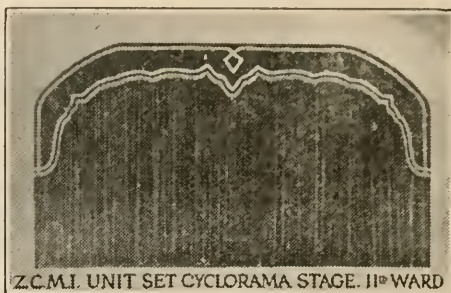
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Let Our Decorator Give You an Estimate  
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"I've just shot a dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't very pleased."—*Denizen Flamingo.*

\* \* \* \*

"When was your new baby born?"

"Between the second payment on the radio and the eighth on the auto."  
—*The Pathfinder.*

\* \* \* \*

Applicant: "Here is my diploma in public speaking."

Employer: "Very well, go out in the other room and address those envelopes."—*Mt. States Monitor.*

Garden  
Flower

# SEEDS

Field  
Feeding

Plant

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## The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street

Salt Lake City

"Rastus, I see your mule has 'U. S.' branded on his hind-quarters. Was he in the army?"

"No, boss, dat 'U. S.' don't stand for 'Uncle Sam'; it means 'Unsafe'."  
—*Mt. States Monitor.*

\* \* \* \*

A serious-looking stranger called upon Mr. Briggs, shook his hand limply and remarked:

"I am representing the Association for the Suppression of Profanity. I want to take the evil language clear out of your life."

"Come here, Maria!" yelled Mr. Biggs, "here's a man wants to buy our car."—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

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Deseret Book Store  
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Deseret News  
Dinwoodey Furniture Co.

Fleischmann's Yeast  
L. D. S. Business College  
Southern Pacific Lines  
Utah Home Fire Ins. Co.  
Utah Power & Light Co.  
Utah Sav. & Trust Bank  
Vogeler Seed Co.  
F. B. Woolley, Jr., Mfg. Chemist  
Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

The most noticeable thing about most family trees is their need of pruning.—*Publishers' Syndicate.*

\* \* \* \*

Young Wife: "Aren't you the same man I gave some biscuits to last week?"

Tramp: "No mum, and the doctor says I never will be again."

\* \* \* \*

Conductor: "Madam, you'll have to pay for that boy."

Old Lady: "But I never have before."

Conductor (hotly): "That don't matter to me. He's over twelve years old, and you'll have to pay his fare or I'll put him off the car."

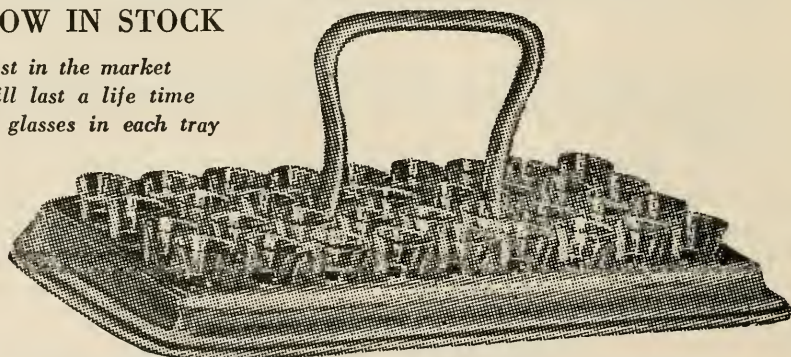
Old Lady: "Put him off. What do I care? I never saw him before."

—*Muskogee Daily Phoenix.*

## Individual Sacrament Sets

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36 glasses in each tray*



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We received the sacrament sets that the branch has ordered and we wish to thank you for the prompt service that you gave us in sending them. In regard to the trays we are also very much satisfied as to the finish and size.

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